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SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1956.

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NEW DISARMAMENT APPROACH

COMMENT OF THE DAY

Foreign Aid Cut

THE House of Representatives' revolt against the US Administration's foreign aid bill is first and foremost a political reverse for President Eisenhower. That his last minute personal appeal to restore the \$1,109 million cut failed to move the House is more likely to hurt the President's prestige at home and overseas than to impair free world relations.

Ironically it was not the intention of the House deliberately to undermine Mr. Eisenhower or his Administration. The revolt was spurred by other influences, chief among them being a growing concern about the relative returns from the continuous annual outlay of vast sums of gold dollars in foreign aid.

One of the basic theories which has bolstered foreign aid since the days of the Marshall Plan has been that it helps to build up a bulwark against the spread of Communism. Unofficially, but nonetheless widely accepted in the United States, the same foreign aid is also believed to be a useful instrument for winning friends and influencing people.

Among some of America's politicians, at least, a certain amount of disillusionment appears to have set in. Tito is seen flirting with the Russians, despite being the recipient of a not inconsiderable amount of American financial aid; Nasser of Egypt goes in for arms deals with the Communist bloc; Nehru of India remains uncompromisingly and frustratingly neutral. These are developments which undoubtedly have had a big effect on thinking in the House of Representatives and helped to persuade Congress to cut the foreign aid bill quite substantially.

Nevertheless, President Eisenhower cannot be blamed for fearing the loss of off of a thousand million dollars may impair American security arrangements with the free world. In some countries too it will lessen confidence in American friendship. But much more important it may encourage some nations to turn to Russia for the aid which they are now in danger of losing.

IKE LATEST: OPERATION MAY BE NECESSARY Four Consultants In Attendance

Washington, June 8.

Mr. James Hagerty, the White House press secretary, said here today that an operation might be necessary on President Eisenhower who is suffering from a partial obstruction of the small intestine.

Meeting correspondents for the fourth time today, Mr. Hagerty said that Mr. Eisenhower had vomited several times before he was taken to hospital.

But the vomiting had now stopped and had not occurred again during the afternoon.

Major-General Howard Snyder, the President's personal physician, summoned four consultants to the hospital, including Dr. Paul Dudley White, the world famous heart specialist who treated Mr. Eisenhower after his heart attack last September.

Reporting to correspondents, Mr. Hagerty said the specialists were being called in as "a precautionary measure." He said examinations showed that Mr. Eisenhower's heart was functioning normally. He said he wanted to emphasize that "this is not a heart case."

Asked whether the President's condition was critical, Mr. Hagerty replied: "Certainly none of the doctors have used any such adjectives to me."

Dr. White was due here from his home in Boston later today.

Mr. Hagerty read to correspondents a statement by General Snyder and Major-General Leonard D. Heaton, the commandant of the hospital.

This said that the 65-year-old President had undergone examinations including X-ray of the abdomen, laboratory tests and electro-cardiogram.

"So far the tests confirm the original diagnosis of an attack of ileitis (inflammation of the lower portion of the intestine)," the statement said.

The X-ray of the abdomen revealed a partial obstruction in the terminal portion of the small intestine.

"The electro-cardiogram showed no change."

Another electro-cardiogram will be taken later this afternoon.

"The President's blood pressure is 120 over 80. His pulse is 90. His respiration is 20. His temperature is normal." (The normal pulse rate at rest is up to 80).

HAS NOT SUFFERED PAIN

The specialists called in as consultants other than Dr. White were said to be:

Dr. John Lyons, Washington surgeon; Dr. Brian Blades, professor of surgery at the George Washington University Medical School; and Dr. Lester Ravdin, professor of surgery at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, Philadelphia.

Asked whether Mr. Eisenhower had been in any pain, Mr. Hagerty replied: "No, although he is conscious that he has a partial obstruction."

Mr. Hagerty said Mr. Eisenhower appeared to be in good spirits.

In reply to a question whether the President had had any food today, Mr. Hagerty said only a little tea with sugar this morning. Dextrose had been administered intravenously.

Mr. Hagerty said he could not tell how long the President would have to stay in hospital.

For the first time Mr. Hagerty was able to give details of the sequence of events leading up to Mr. Eisenhower's admission.

He said Mrs. Eisenhower called General Snyder at a quarter to one this morning and told him that the President was suffering from some discomfort in his stomach.

Dr. Snyder recommended, as he had on other occasions when the President had suffered similar trouble, that he take a little milk of magnesia, Mr. Hagerty said.

But Mrs. Eisenhower was again on the telephone to the doctor at 1.30 a.m., when she said the President was still complaining of a stomach disorder.

She asked General Snyder to go to the White House.

He arrived at the White House about 2 a.m. and had been with the President ever since.

Mr. Hagerty said the President had been sleeping fitfully since the attack.

The President had a history of similar stomach attacks, one in 1953 and one in 1954, but neither of these attacks required hospital treatment, he noted.

Mr. Hagerty said apart from the intravenous injection of dextrose at the White House, Mr. Eisenhower had received no medication.

Mrs. Eisenhower has moved into the hospital to be with her husband, just as she did when he was confined in Denver after his heart attack.—Reuter.

No School Facilities For 200 Million Children

United Nations, June 8. Half of the children of school age in the world—about 200 million—have no school facilities at all, UNESCO reported today.

Of those attending school, it said, a large number "have to be satisfied with a limited amount of education offered under conditions of hardship and poverty."

The 1955-56 annual report of UNESCO (UN Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization) will be reviewed by the Economic and Social Council at its session opening on July 9 in Geneva.

UNESCO noted that while total school enrolment was increasing rapidly, child population was also going up.

"Existing information indicates that the ratio between total school enrolment and the child population, through tending to increase in recent years, is still far from satisfactory on a worldwide basis," stated the report.

The organization called for "urgent" support for setting up the proposed UN fund for Economic Development (UNEFED) or for an international educational fund.

"No country can have a compulsory school system until its taxable capacity can support it," said the report. "This presupposes a degree of economic development far beyond that which many countries have yet reached."—United Press.

China Mail Feature Highlights

Here are some of the highlights of today's feature section:

P. 6: The Dockers Dry-docked, by Sir Beverley Baxter MP; Sydney Smith reports on the new type of court trials in Russia.

P. 6: Diamonds Are Forever, by Ian Fleming (ch 7).

P. 7: Rene MacColl continues "Deadline" and this week he tells of the Duchess of Windsor.

P. 8: Give up smoking? Nonsense, says John Junior, editor of the Sunday Express; A new photo: "Know Your Hongkong?"

P. 13: Peter Russo writes about Prince Mikasa who has shocked Japanese diehards.

P. 10 & 17: Saturday sports round-up.

P. 18: Cyril Stapleton's record column.

2 Americans Killed In Gun-Battle

Saigon, June 8. Two Americans were killed today and another wounded in a gun-battle outside the Golden Coin night club.

The battle broke out when an American named Clark, a member of the Military Assistance and Advisory Group, began an argument inside the night club with another MAAG official, Fritz Gibbon.

Both went outside, where a furious quarrel broke out. Suddenly Clark drew a Colt automatic and pumped bullets into Gibbon, who fell dead on the pavement.

Another American named Sakmar was wounded attempting to disarm Clark, who fled into a nearby Chinese hotel.

POLICE ATTACK

Saigon police rushed to the scene and poured sub-machine-gun fire into the hotel when Clark appeared at a second-story window.

Apparently hit by the police gunfire, Clark toppled from the window and fell across a high-tension wire before crashing to his death in the street.

His head was split open by the impact of his fall to the ground.

Both Clark and Gibbon were members of the MAAG air section.

It is believed the quarrel developed over payment of a bill. The police are still investigating.—United Press.

EARTH TREMOR

Santiago, June 8. An earth tremor was felt throughout northern Chile at 0950 (local time) today. It was the most violent in the towns of La Serena, Ovalle and Iquique.

No casualties have been reported, but some damage was caused.—France-Press.

Yugoslav Aid To Continue, On Two Conditions

Washington, June 8.

The House of Representatives today voted to allow continued United States economic aid for Yugoslavia if President Eisenhower agrees.

The vote was 123 against 93 after a strenuous debate.

The House resumed work on the foreign aid bill today after yesterday cutting \$1,109 million from President Eisenhower's original request for \$4,900 million.

The question of aid to Yugoslavia was the chief topic today. Many congressmen opposed this because of Marshal Tito's renoual of ties with the Soviet Union.

In dealing with the clause on Yugoslavia today, the House decided to allow aid to continue if President Eisenhower finds no change in the Yugoslavian policies on the basis of which assistance has been furnished to Yugoslavia in the past.

2. "That it is in the interest of the national security of the United States to continue the aid."

Mr. Eisenhower had originally asked for \$30,000,000 in economic aid to Yugoslavia.

SOS To Senate

Meantime, the Administration turned to the Senate for help in registering at least part of the cut in the overall bill voted by the House yesterday.

Senate leaders of both parties were asked to go to the White House on Monday to talk over the bill. The announcement of this conference was made before it became known that President Eisenhower had been taken to hospital.

If the Senate vote more money for the programme than the House, the legislation will go to a joint conference committee, where the Administration hopes a compromise may be reached.—Reuter.

Bombs Thrown At Bars

Bone, June 3. Two people were killed and 14 injured in four bomb attacks in the centre of Bone today.

All the bombs were thrown at bars and it seemed to be a co-ordinated attack, since all were thrown at the same time.

The first injured eight people, the second killed a waiter and injured four, and a third injured one. After throwing the third bomb the attackers ran off, firing a revolver and a man bearing the Jewish synagogue was killed. The fourth bomb failed to explode.—France-Press.

MYSTERY SUB

Halifax, Nova Scotia, June 8. Canadian service operational centres were reported here today to be tracking the movements of a submarine believed to be a Soviet vessel off the coast of Nova Scotia.—Reuter.

Bulganin's Proposals Revealed

London, June 8.

Marshal Nikolai Bulganin, the Soviet Prime Minister, has told President Eisenhower that at present "it is hard to count on the talks in the United Nations leading in the near future to any concrete results in the sphere of disarmament," Moscow Radio said today.

The radio was broadcasting a summary of the latest letter from Marshal Bulganin to Mr. Eisenhower, delivered in Washington yesterday.

Marshal Bulganin said that Russia had decided on a "new approach" to disarmament and the Soviet armaments and military spending would be reduced in accordance with the recent decision to demobilise 1,200,000 servicemen.

In line with this policy, 63 divisions and separate brigades were being disbanded, including three air divisions and other units totalling more than 30,000 men situated in East Germany. If British, American and French forces in Germany were also reduced this "would unquestionably prepare the ground for more decisive steps on this question, for one thing an agreement on the evacuation of the foreign armed forces from the territory of Germany," Marshal Bulganin said.

Marshal Bulganin said that pending an international disarmament agreement, the efforts of states should be directed towards having every state carry out concrete measures to reduce armaments.

"The realisation of such measures would unquestionably facilitate a further lessening of international tensions which, in turn, would lead to the establishment of more favourable conditions for putting through an all-embracing programme of disarmament."

"In this respect, the example of the great powers would be of decisive significance, including the Soviet Union and the USA which have the largest armed forces and material resources."

A FIRST STEP On the German problem, Marshal Bulganin said: "We realise, of course, that the withdrawal of this amount of Soviet troops from Germany does not settle the question fully. It is only the first step."

"However, if the governments of the USA, Britain and France, which have bases on the territory of Germany, were to reduce their armed forces, this would unquestionably prepare the ground for more decisive steps on this question: for one thing an agreement on the evacuation of foreign armed forces from the territory of Germany."

The Soviet Premier said he hoped the American government would "make a worthy contribution to the termination of the arms race, the reduction of international tensions and the promotion of world peace."

Marshal Bulganin, in a letter to Mr. Guy Mollet, the French Premier, also called on France to follow the Soviet example in reducing her armed forces in Germany.

The letter, quoted by Moscow Radio, said the partial reduction of the forces held in Germany by the four great powers would undoubtedly prepare the ground for total evacuation.—Reuter.

Algeria, June 8. Thirty uniformed Algerian rebels were killed today in fighting with French security forces in a surprise resumption of "Operation Basque", which had been declared officially ended last night. Fifty rebels were taken prisoner.

The resumption of the operation, aimed at clearing rebels from a wooded stronghold area in the Kabylie mountains east of Algiers, caught numerous outlaw bands with their defences down after yesterday's onslaught.

French artillery units opened up again tonight on high-lying wooded sectors, forcing the rebels to leave their hiding and brave the automatic fire of security troops surrounding the area.

Elsewhere in Algeria, terrorists claimed three victims killed and five injured in the past 24 hours.

In Bala, a grenade thrown into the courtyard of a private house killed a 10-year-old child and wounded four other people. In the Sott region, rebels slaughtered 240 sheep in an attack on an Algerian-owned farm.—France-Press.

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Quick Quench

According to one definition, a pessimist is a man who says his glass is half empty and an optimist one who says his glass is half full. The true devotee of Rose's Lime Juice drains his glass in one swift, silent draught, thereby falling into the category of realist. This cooling nectar, squeezed from the world's most thirst-quenching citrus fruit, calls for no half measures and no hovering on the brink. You plunge. Your Rose's and your thirst are gone with equal suddenness.



ROSE'S
Lime Juice
—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE

Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

GAMBLED ON \$21m—AND WON!

An American Who 'Bought British' Tells His Success Story

Washington. ONE year ago, a lanky airline President gambled \$21 million and his company's future on a radically different type of commercial transport plane.

Mr. J. H. Carmichael of Capital Airlines is the Airline executive. The plane is the British-made turbo-prop Viscount, the first foreign-built airliner to be used by an American company for 25 years.

Mr. Carmichael spent \$1 million each for 21 of the 44-passenger planes. The Viscount thus became the first turbo-prop aircraft introduced to the US public and Mr. Carmichael was taking the additional risk of selling his customers on a British-built plane.

Experts in the often-bitterly competitive commercial aviation industry raised their eyebrows to full staff. How did the gamble work out?

"In every way—safety, passenger acceptance, performance, economy and maintenance—the Viscount has exceeded our fondest hopes," he says.

WANT 39 MORE

A Capital spokesman cited these statistics on the Viscount's performance:

★ The new planes are operating with an 84 percent or better "load factor"—meaning their flights are averaging at least 84 percent of capacity. The line's conventional planes are flying with a 50 percent average load factor.

★ The Viscounts, as of May 15, had flown 65,466 engine hours without a single engine failure in flight. That is at least six times better than the performance of a conventional piston engine.

★ The popularity of the Viscount forced Capital to double its non-stop flights between Washington and Chicago.

A competing airline quietly cut its round trips between these two cities to half.

Capital has ordered 39 more Viscounts. Eventually, except for a handful of twin-engine DC-3's to serve small airports on the line's 77-city route, the turbo-prop planes will comprise its entire operating fleet.

Mr. Carmichael said Capital had to take a chance on a foreign-built plane because US manufacturers had nothing that would fit his company's route and equipment problems.

MISGIVINGS

"We needed new planes in a hurry," he said. "We wanted a plane that would compete with the four-engine transports of other lines in speed, and yet would be small enough to be economical for our relatively shorter hauls. We looked around and the Viscount, which had been in service overseas since 1952, seemed to provide the answer."

Capital's pilots, who had some misgivings about flying a foreign-made plane, have changed their minds after a turn of the controls.

"Compared to a piston engine job, it's the difference between driving a 1950 car and a 1940 model," said one veteran Capital pilot.

Mr. Carmichael reports that for the first time in the company's history "senior pilots are bidding for the blocks of time covered by Viscount flights, even though some of these schedules are not as desirable as they are with other types of equipment."

THEN—JETS

Only one American manufacturer is preparing a turbo-prop airliner to compete with the Viscount. That is Lockheed's "Electra," ordered by several US airlines. But it is still in the testing stage.

The "Electra" will carry 60 passengers to the Viscount's 44. It is designed for a cruising speed of 410 miles per hour, compared to Viscount's 335.

Both will be eclipsed by the all-jet transports which are expected to be flying in the next five years. These will haul 80 or more passengers at speeds of more than 600 miles an hour.

Capital officials, from Mr. Carmichael down, feel the Viscount's success is paving the way for an easy transition to the jet transport age.

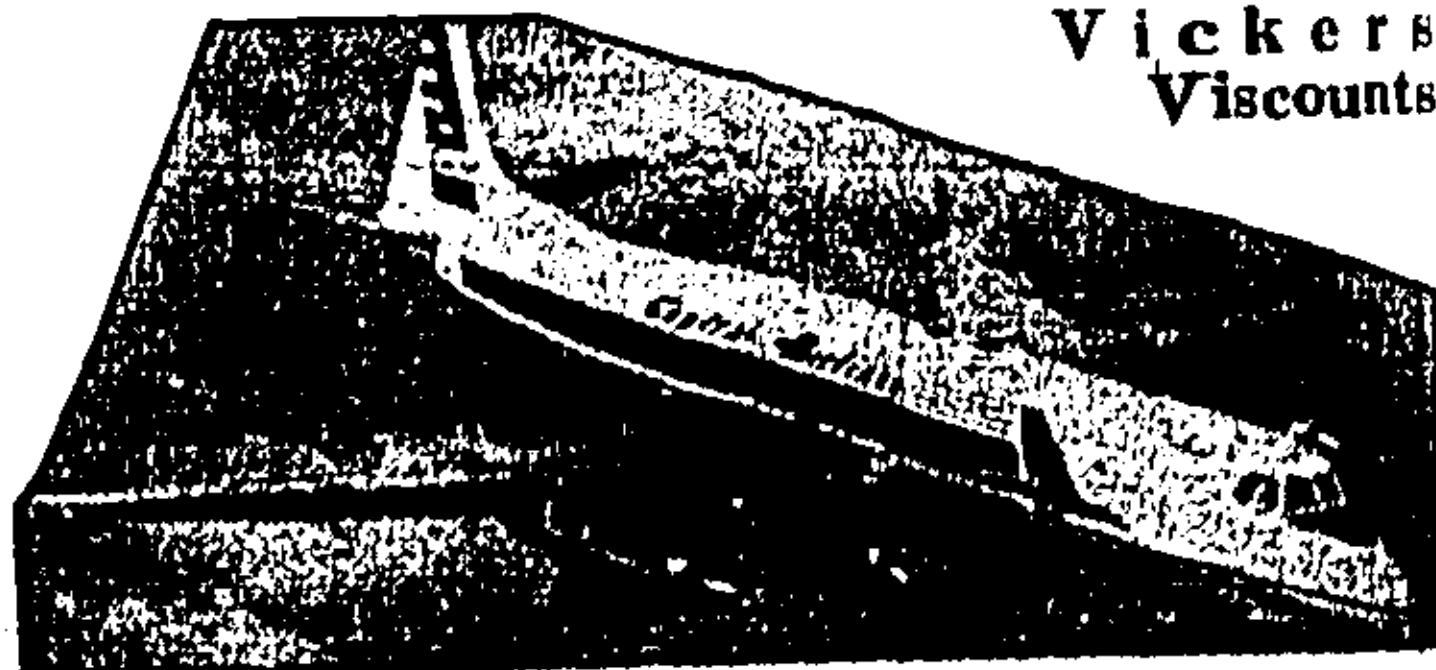
"The Viscount is really a jetliner," Mr. Carmichael points out. "It is acquainting the public with the smoothness and reliability of the turbine engine, and will make public acceptance of the all jet airliner that much easier and faster."

ANOTHER ORDER

One other US airline—Continental—has ordered Viscounts. Its engineers are impressed with the Viscount's operating costs are running about two cents a mile less than officials expected.

The Viscount's turbines need no spark plugs or carburetors. Their own expensive equipment is a lubricating oil that costs \$13 a gallon. In almost a year of operation, the plane has had only four flight cancellations—three because of weather and one by a starter failure.

One of Capital's Vickers Viscounts



Crockett? Who's He?



It May Be The Last Music She'll Ever Hear

Milan. A HANDLESS, blind British woman who is becoming deaf sat in the world's most famous theatre recently and listened intently to the last melodies her ears may ever hear.

Mrs. Gwenie Obern, 38, from Aberdare, Wales, was blinded and lost both hands when a fuse exploded in a British ammunition plant where she worked during World War II.

Today she heard her dream become true as she listened in a rehearsal of lyric music at La Scala Theatre.

Doctors had warned her she was slowly becoming deaf, following her wartime wounds. A Welsh weekly magazine sponsored a subscription for a last "musical pilgrimage."

Unnoticed

Almost no one noticed the blue-eyed woman in the theatre during the gala performance of "Un Ballo in Maschera" (A Masked Ball) by Giuseppe Verdi.

It was given in honour of visiting Swiss President Markus Feldmann and Italian President Giovanni Gronchi.

She also attended a performance of "Mitridate Eupatore" by Scarlatti at "Piccola Scala" (Little Scala) pocket-theatre and a general rehearsal of "Fedora" at La Scala.

"I heard my dream come true," she told theatre officials. "The melodies I heard here will remain in my mind when I am banished from the world of music by deafness."

The woman and her chaperon will leave for Wales soon.—United Press.

FIGHTING FIGURES

Calgary.

Forty Calgary women have found an unusual way to keep their figures trim. They have started to learn ju-jitsu and are members of the first class of its kind to be held in the city.

The class is made up of business girls and housewives, one of whom is more than 60 years old.

The pupils had various reasons for taking up their hobby, but most admitted they did it primarily for self-defence and secondly to keep trim.—United Press.

TIPSY DOG COST THEM £600

Sydney. A hotel patron won £600 damages today for injuries suffered when he fell over a beer-drinking dog. The district court judge ordered the Harbour Hotel of Watson's Bay, which served the beer to the dog, and the owner of the dog, who let it drink it to spill the damages. The plaintiff, a hotel broker, testified he was away from work for four months as a result of the fall.—United Press.

★ PUDDING BASIN SCIENCE

FOUND SECRET IN MUD PIES

London. A MAN who has been experimenting with "mud pies" in a pudding basin on a muddy Southend beach claims he has the answer to Britain's home fuel problem—mud.



Britain's National Coal Board scientists are testing his formula, which he claims makes mud burn like smokeless coal and gives out as much heat.

The inventor, who insists on remaining anonymous, has turned down offers from private firms because he thinks his discovery is too important to be some private property. He offered his discovery to the Coal Board through his member of Parliament, Mr.

Stephen McAdon, of Thorpe Bay, Essex.

His mud product is called B201—because he made 201 experiments.

His discovery was the result of his complaints about the quality of some coal he had received at Southend.

"I can't make better fuel out of Southend mud than I can my hat," he said. That set him thinking and he began experiments which lasted six years.



Woman Hits Car. In Oklahoma City, when her car stalled, Penny Stephens, 32, got out, tinkered under the hood for a while, then lost patience, kicked the car, beat it with her fist, threw rocks at it. The car was heavily damaged—headlights smashed, battery cracked, hood battered. She was arrested for drunkenness.

DOCTOR'S ADVICE SENT 21 HOME

London. DOWN the gangway of the dinner Chusan at Tisbury last week came the Stephens—all 21 of them.

Leading the way of the family that refused to be separated was its head, Mr. W. F. O. Stephens, a 66-year-old retired planter. Then came his wife, daughter, four sons, two daughters-in-law, and 12 grandchildren.

And that was not all. Waiting to meet them was another daughter and her husband. The family decided to leave home in Selangor, Malaya, several months ago after doctors told Mr. Stephens he must live in a temperate climate.

Said Mr. Stephens last week: "I told my sons and daughters that my wife and I were going to England to live."

Three flats

"We have always been a close-knit family and most of them decided to come with me. I still have two married daughters in Malaya."

How does one get about finding accommodation for 23 people? "That was all arranged by my son-in-law, Mr. A. Macpherson. He and his wife, my daughter Anne, flew here in advance and managed to get three large flats to take us all," said Mr. Stephens.

"Two of them are in the same building in Colville Gardens, Notting Hill Gate, and the third is a few doors away."

"So you see," said a happy Mr. Stephens, "we are still together."

Sparks Burn Out 6,000 Acres

Perth. A man whose carelessness caused a 6,000-acre forest fire was fined £15 in Perth Police Court, for having used a fire in the open air during a prohibited period.

The court was told that sparks from an oxy-acetylene torch spread to a dry forest, burning out 6,000 acres before a fire was brought under control.—China Mail Special.

HISTORIC BIBLE GOES ON DISPLAY

Calgary.

One of the two known original Protestant Bibles still in existence is on display here.

The almost priceless book is thought to have been printed in Germany in the year 1530. It is written in Middle German and contains the Old and New Testaments, as well as Martin Luther's preface and Articles of Faith.

The 1,450 pages are dog-eared, but in excellent condition, considering their age. The binding, typical of 16th century books, is vellum or calfskin with beech-leaf reinforcement.

Printed with an old-fashioned hand press, capital letters are elaborate and lettering is not quite even. The flyleaf is missing, which lowers the value because the publishing company is not known.

400 YEARS OLD

The Bible was published shortly after the gathering of reformers under Luther at Augsburg in 1530. It was at this meeting the followers of Luther "protested" thus rebelling the name they have been known by since.

Emperor Charles V decreed that anyone in his domain found with a copy of the Protestant Bible was to be burned at the stake as a heretic.

The only other existing copy is in the Royal Museum in Copenhagen, Denmark. The Calgary Bible has been in the hands of the Mallevik family of Tyngsheim, Norway, for more than 200 years.

It was brought to Canada in the middle of the 19th century when Mallevik migrated there.—United Press.

After-Midnight Baths

STUDENTS CAUGHT IN LADIES' COLLEGE

Oxford.

FIVE Oxford students were on the carpet last week for trying to steal after-midnight baths in an exclusive women's college.

The five were gallantly applying for membership in the ultra-daring "Oxford Bath Club."

To wear the tie of blue and silver taps a man must break into a women's college at night, take a bath and bring back the water tap as proof. The baths are ice-cold since the hot water is generally off during the night. A tie with gold taps goes to the indomitable who successfully complete two clandestine "bath missions" and bring back the taps.

Balliol in First

Five Oxford Bath Club hopefuls were caught last week within the grounds of Lady Margaret Hall. They were out for their first silver taps.

They had rowed stealthily up the River Cherwell dressed in easy-to-remove track suits.

But even as they stalked across the immediately-kept hush to the girls' dormitory at 1.30 in the morning several other "bath raiders" from Balliol College were there before them.

One of the students, who asked that his name be withheld, described what happened: "The Balliol men got in first. Over the wall they went, through the gardens and, through a second-floor hall window. They were out to reach the bathrooms, but a table crashed over. They bolted."

Just two minutes later the five who rowed up the river walked in.

They Had It

"They had it," the source said dramatically. "The five were not by screams from nightgown girls already alerted by noise of the Balliol raiders. Police picked up the five men as they scampered back to their boat."

The five were arrested but released in custody of the proctors of Oxford.

Recently they faced a Proctor's enquiry board which could order their expulsion.

Students, however, believed the five would be given a second chance—if they swore to renounce forever the dreams of membership in Oxford's Bath Club.—United Press.

MAJESTIC

SHOWING TO-DAY at 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 p.m.



SUNDAY MORNING SHOW at 11.30 a.m.

—At Reduced Prices—

U. LYSSES

LEE

AS A MARK OF RESPECT FOR THE LATE MRS. LEE HYSAN, THERE WILL BE NO MATINEE PERFORMANCE AT 2.30 P.M. TO-DAY. EVENING PERFORMANCES AS USUAL.

4th BIG WEEK

LIMITED ENGAGEMENT

2 SHOWS TO-DAY AT 7.00 & 9.30 P.M.



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Reduced Admissions: \$1.20, \$2.40, \$3.50 & \$4.70. SPECIAL MATINEE TO-MORROW AT 2.30 P.M.

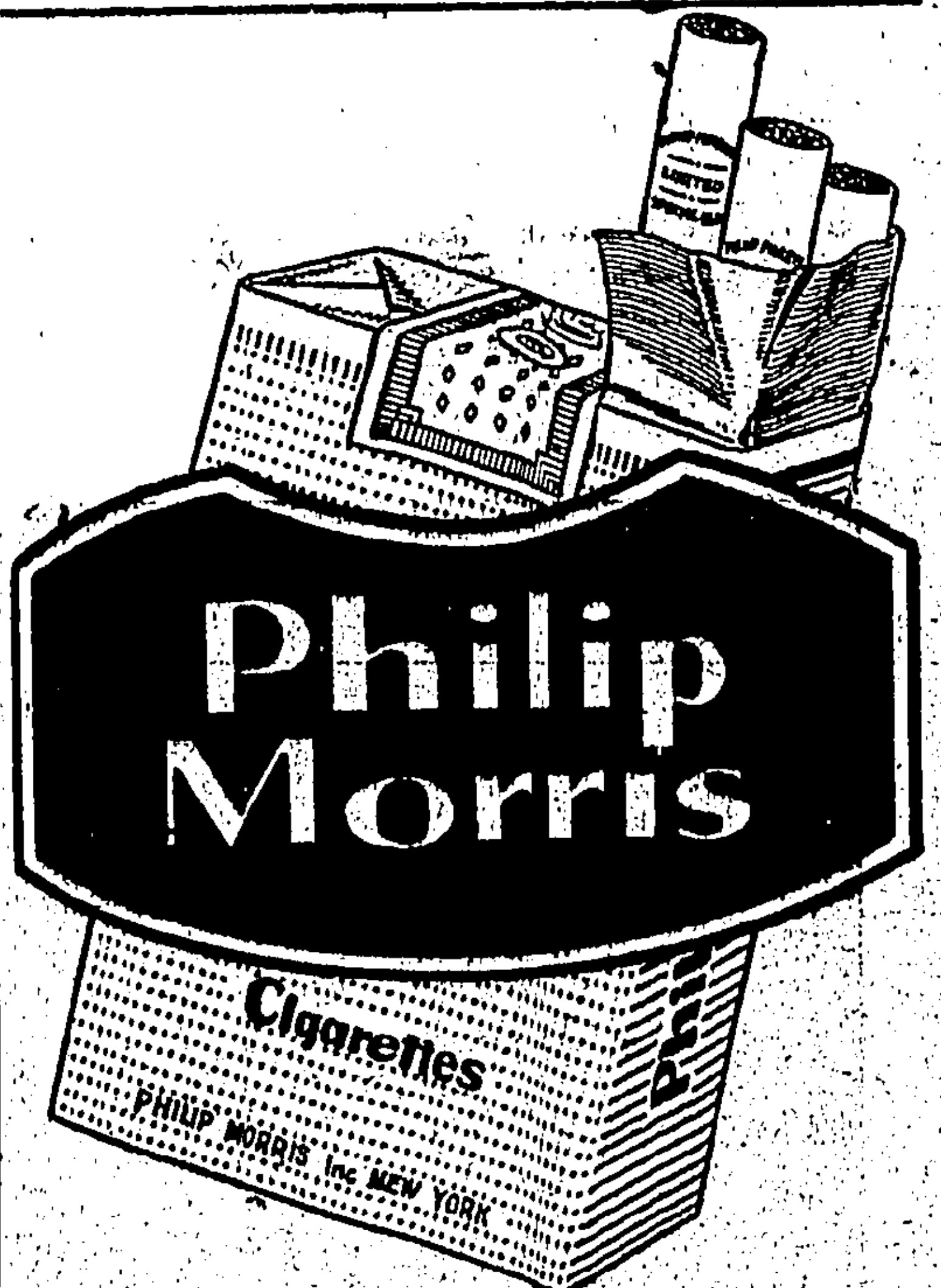
ORIENTAL

SHOWING TO-DAY 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 p.m.

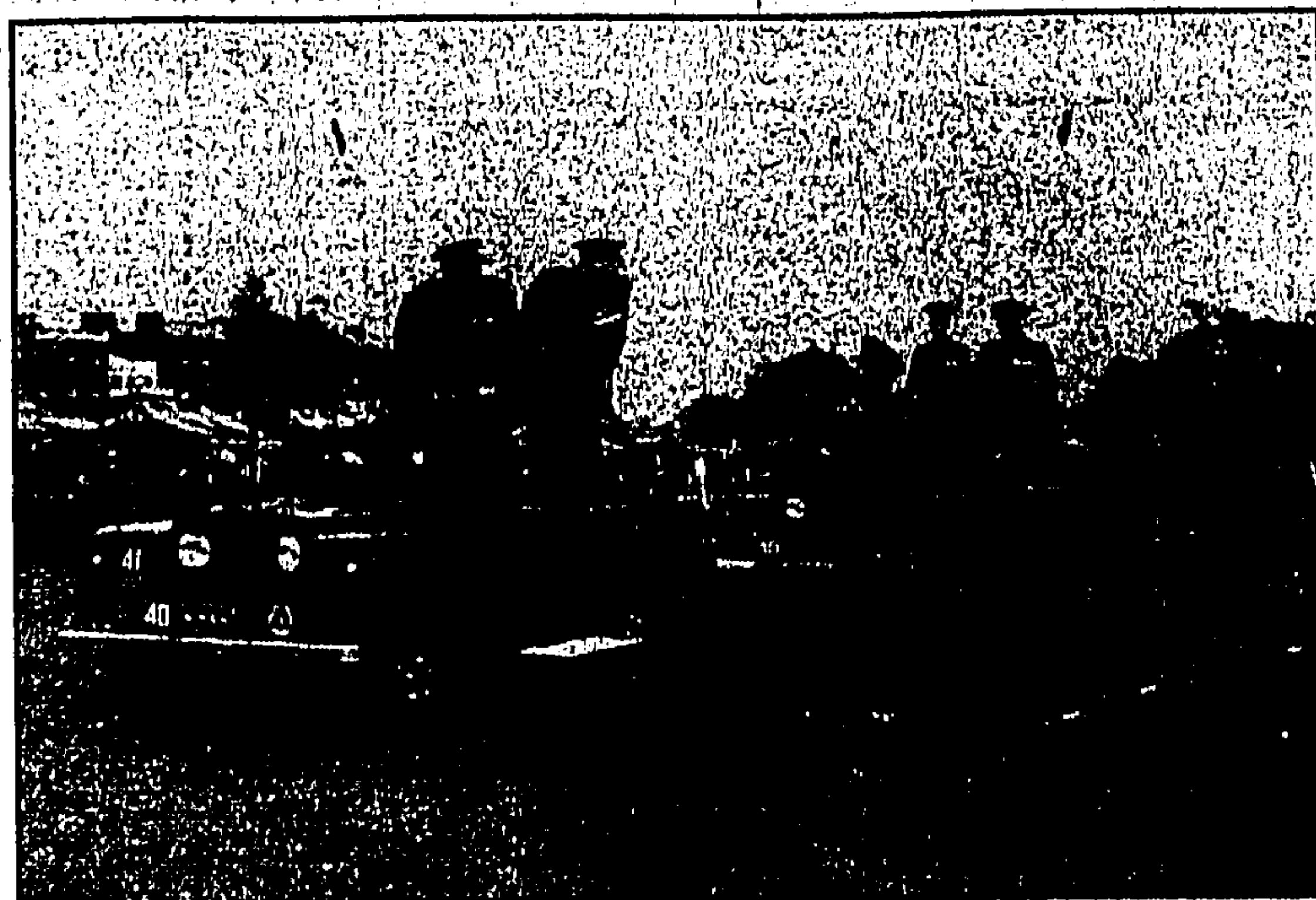
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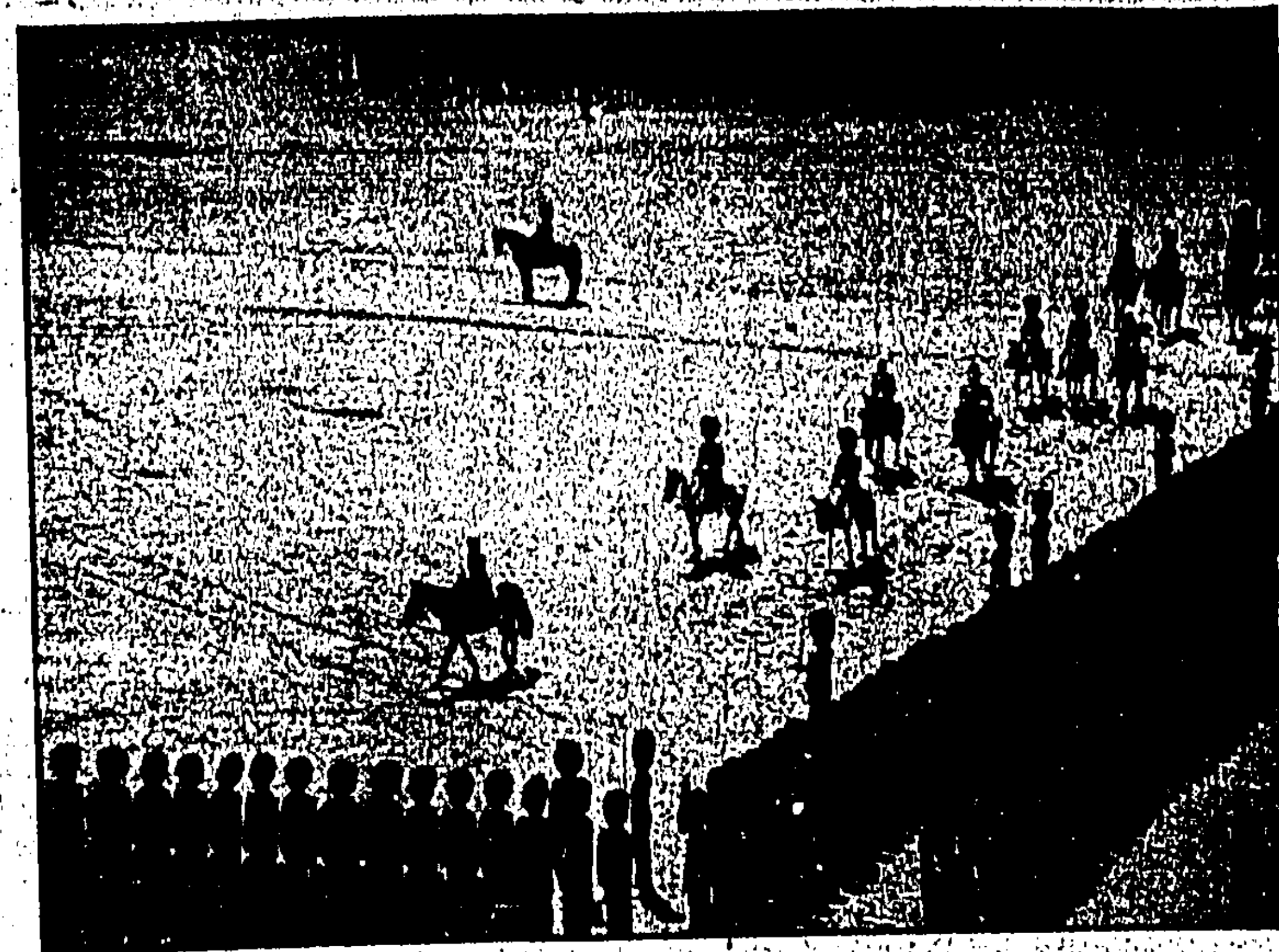
SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 "IT CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA" Columbia film



HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



GENERAL Sir Robert Mansergh, Commander-in-Chief, United Kingdom Land Forces, stops to talk with an officer during his review of Royal Artillery units at Woolwich. General Mansergh was Commander, British Forces, Hongkong, from 1949 to 1951, and later commanded Allied Forces in North-west Europe. (Army News)



HER MAJESTY the Queen's Birthday Parade. Trooping the Colour by the Grenadier Guards at Horse Guards Parade. The Queen is shown riding down the lines of scarlet-clad Guards during the inspection. (Army News)

COMEDIAN Norman Wisdom recently met the year's prettiest new British subject — Swedish-born Hollywood actress Anita Ekberg, now the wife of British actor Anthony Steel. To judge by the picture, they got on like a house on fire. (Express)



RIGHT: Spitfire, the London Zoo's polar bear cub, last week met Rupert, the comic strip bear familiar to readers of the China Mail. For Rupert, it was a rather rugged meeting. Picture shows Spitfire giving Rupert a kiss. (Express)



CHARLIE CHAPLIN, beloved of film-goers throughout the world, has been made an honorary life member of the Association of Cinematograph and Allied Technicians as a token of his services to the film industry during the past 40 years. The scroll he holds calls him "the world's greatest actor and technician." (Express)

PROFESSIONAL boxer Jimmy Walsh, 28, who picked up a newspaper the other day to read that a man found drowned in a Warwickshire canal had been identified as himself. Jimmy went to the nearest police station to put things right. Detectives found that Jimmy and the dead man were almost identical. (Express)



LEAVING St Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding are Mr Mikael Essayan, grandson of the oil multi-millionaire, the late Calouste (Mr Five Percent) Gulbenkian, and Miss Geraldine Guinness, daughter of the late Kenneth Lee Guinness, of the KLG spark plug firm. (Express)



France's Leslie Caron, who switched from ballet to become a star in Hollywood films, is now acting on the stage in London in the Anita Loos adaptation of Colette's "Gigi." After the premiere, critics did ecstatic pirouettes over Miss Caron's performance, were decidedly less enthusiastic over the play. (Express)

BELOW: The O'Hara family of Bangor, Northern Ireland, has set some sort of a world record. There are eight sons in the family — all priests, the eighth, Joseph (extreme right), being ordained recently at Minsteracres Abbey, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne. The parents are seen on the left. (Express)

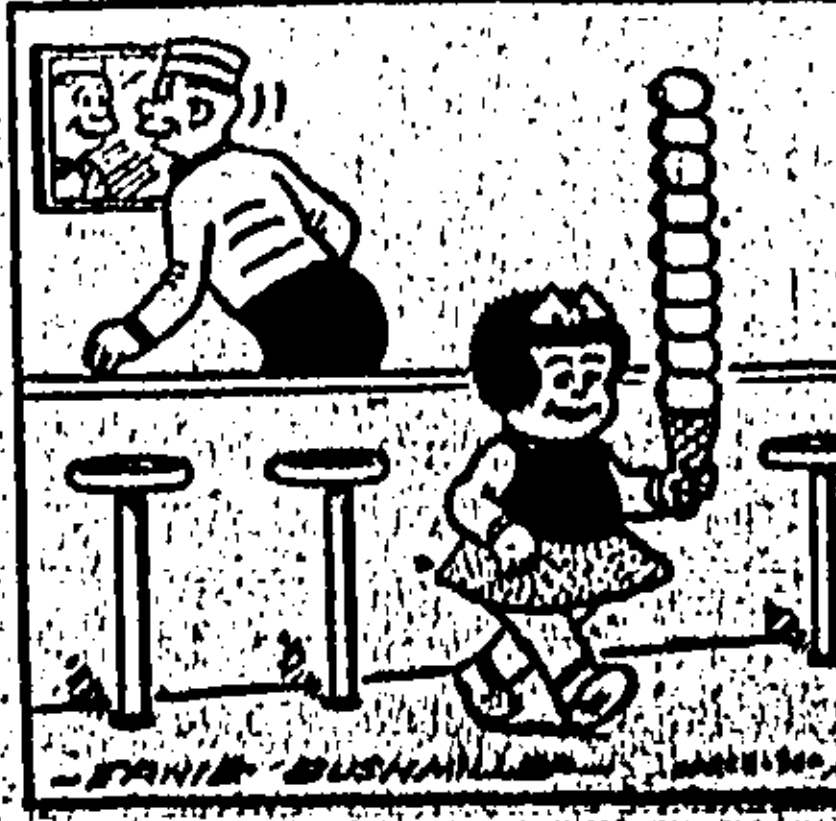
A scene from a new ballet seen in London for the first time last week. Sadler's Wells dance arranger Kenneth MacMillan has set it to the music of U.S. band leader Stan Kenton. Entitled "Sonnambulum," it tells of three sleepwalkers and the creatures of their nightmares. (Express)



HE used to be a shopkeeper in Cyprus. But because he defied the terrorists and sold food to the British, he was shot at three times. So he was helped to England and what he believed was safety. But 62-year-old Greek Cypriot Christos Haralambou Vias found himself being shot at again as he slept in a Berkshire hotel. He is examining a hole made by a high-velocity air rifle pellet. (Express)



NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

ROWNTREES



IN RUSSIA NOW:
NEW-LOOK TRIALSThe Story
Of The
Kopekless
BrideFrom
SYDNEY SMITH

Moscow. A MOSCOW grandmother, Citizena Valentina Tikhomirova, fell before a firing squad last week for staging the "suicide" of her young daughter-in-law. And the story of her trial—a story of blackmail and intrigue, of attempted murder by powdered glass, of young love (sacking in-law)—was given prominence in the Moscow Press. One paper called it: "The Story of the Kopekless Bride."

The story of the kopekless bride is as significant as anything that is happening in the New Look Russia.

It means that "social realism" is now reaching beyond the bounds of idyllic landscapes and front-page splashes about tractor production. It now appears in the headlines to point a moral to the Russian people.

Now for the Case of the Kopekless Bride—as told by the police, the prosecution, and 28 witnesses in the Moscow city criminal court.

FELL IN LOVE

Margarita Lapina was a pretty young orphan, a 17-year-old student midwife who fell in love with her boyhood friend, an student Georgi Tikhomirov, also 17.

Georgi's mother Valentina, a possessive haridan, told him, according to witnesses: "You're crazy to take an orphan without a brass kopek to her name into our family."

So Georgi and Margarita married secretly. And the first words of Valentina to her new daughter-in-law were: "So you got him, you snake in the grass—well, you've still got it coming from me."

After two months of trying to share the in-laws' flat, the young couple moved out to live in Margarita's own tiny room next door.

Then for 18 months Georgi was away on military service. After he was demobilized he contracted tuberculosis.

A year later, Georgi junior was born. But after four months there was a tragic accident.

Little Georgi, left alone, was found suffocated with his rubber dummy down his throat. The court noted: "At the funeral his grandmother, Valentina, looked on with absolute indifference and nibbled an ice-cream, leaning against the tiny coffin."

THE PLOTTERS

Valentina, says the court report, began to understand that intrigues, privations and misfortune could never break the love of Georgi for Margarita. "Only one way was left—the most terrible of all," said the prosecutor.

Valentina enlisted the aid of her weak-willed husband, Nikolai, and a woman friend, Vera Rybakova, whom she met at a friend's house "over a bottle of vodka."

For £454—in Russian money, 5,000 roubles—Vera agreed to join the plot. It was whispered among the neighbours: "Margarita has gone crazy. She talks of killing herself—she has already been stopped once with the noose around her neck."

Valentina, husband Nikolai and friend Vera enticed her into their flat one night and strangled her with a rope. As she was attacked, she appealed to her father-in-law: "Father, dear, let me go. I promise not to tell."

Valentina pulled the noose tight. Now here is the reason for the telling of this tale.

The 28 witnesses all admitted they knew of Valentina's hatred for her daughter-in-law. They all admitted they did nothing about it "because it was a family matter."

NEW CHAPTER

This is the comment from the trades union Moscow morning paper "Labour": "If the people had reacted indignantly, there would have been, instead of 28 witnesses, 28 active fighters against the well-known ethics of Valentina the haridan."

"This drive must be carried on daily and hourly without cease or rest against the drunken hoodlum in the street, the parasitic-mongering neighbour in the flat, the money-grabbing fellow employee at work and the philistine with and kin in the family."

And go, the Case of the Kopekless Bride, becomes an amazing new chapter in "social realism" for the "Comrade Citizens of Moscow."



"O.K., MacEroy—let's not get too many jumps ahead with this co-existence."

London Express Service

THEIRS IS AN ASTONISHING STORY—LIKE AN ARABIAN NIGHTS TALE

THE DOCKERS ARE
NOW DRY-DOCKED

By Sir Beverley Baxter M.P.

LONDON. Sir Bernard Docker sacked! That was the headline that the London newspapers hurried at us on the morning after the Trooping the Colour and the publication of the Honours List.

Ten directors of the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Limited, had met like the Committee of Public Safety in the French Revolution and passed sentence on their Chairman and Managing Director.

Three indictments were made by the directors: (1) that shareholders had made complaints involving Sir Bernard, (2) that expenses incurred by Lady Docker amounted to some £7,000 for clothes for publicity for Daimler cars had first been charged to the Birmingham Small Arms Company, Ltd., (3) that Sir Bernard concealed from his co-directors figures showing progress.

It would be improper to make any comments on these charges, because they may become the subject of litigation. But they supply a fitting prologue to one of the most astonishing stories since the publication of the Arabian Nights. Therefore, I suggest that we turn back the calendar to the year of grace 1952.

She Was Angry

SIR Bernard Docker's yacht was in the harbour of Monte Carlo and he and his wife had gone to the Casino. It was a beautiful warm September night and with a party of friends Sir Bernard and Lady Docker wanted to see the Dior fashion show in the casino before challenging fate at the gaming tables.

There were soft lights and sweet music, but they did not subdue her ladyship's critical sense. To her mind—and she really does know about dress—the Dior show had too many twigs and was a dull affair altogether.

Not being addicted to reticence she expressed her opinions in audible tones which roused considerable irritation among the assembled Dior worshippers. Nor was she at all pleased to discover that there were to be fireworks instead of a cabaret.

Her guests agreed that it was a shame. Calling a waiter she ordered him to take a message to Prince Jean de Faucigny Lucinge (the then President of the Society running the Casino) that she wished to see him. The waiter did as he was told, but came back with the reply that "the Prince says he is occupied."

This was too much for our heroine. "To be affronted by a princeling in a casino transformed her into a veritable Boadicea. She strode over to the Prince's table, where he was sitting with friends, and stood so close

tion in imitation of a British Grenadier on parade. "Prince Faucigny-Lucinge," she said. "I asked you to come and talk to me."

The Prince, without rising, answered: "I do not wish to talk to you. Please go away from my table."

Her Ladyship was shocked, and was angry but her answer was intended to remind the Prince that there was still such a thing as noblesse oblige.

"Prince Faucigny-Lucinge," she said, "you have been a guest on board our yacht and I am sorry to report that the marriage had only a very short run—in fact, six months. Therefore we can have Miss Stuart out of this narrative by stating that after a lapse of time she married Baron Eugene Rothschild at the Long Island, and has lived happily ever since."

For 18 years Sir Bernard lived the life of a bachelor with all the misery and freedom which that state holds for man. Then he married again, and the

real saga of the Dockers began. We cannot keep industrial Birmingham out of this story because Lady Docker was a pretty and vicious daughter of that industrial city who earned her living as a typist-secretary until she married a businessman of substance, Mr. Clement Collingham. Unfortunately he died in 1935, leaving nearly £160,000. There was a son of the marriage, who is now at Harrow, which was the same swagger school that Sir Bernard attended.

But our heroine was never intended for a lonely widowhood. Therefore in the course of time she married another industrialist, Sir William Collins, and thus became her ladyship.

Yet she was bereaved again. Sir William departed this life leaving £100,000 (less heavy debts duties) and for the second time the pretty vivacious blonde daughter of Birmingham wore the sombre clothes of grief.

Two years passed by, and then there came the sensational news that Sir Bernard Docker, the man of affairs, was to marry the widowed Lady Collins. Not only was it a romance but it was a Birmingham epic, since both of them had big interests in that capital of British industry.

At this point you may be wondering why I should be writing about two of the idle rich men. Let me assure you that although they are rich they are anything but idle. In fact there is hardly a week that the London press does not carry a paragraph, or even a splash story about their activities.

Sir Bernard is in every sense a man of substance. His accomplishments have included Chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Corporation, Chairman of the Birmingham Railway Carriage and Wagon Company Ltd. and a director of the Midland Bank. In fact his waywardness and his own leading

the British Empire, which is a very high Order indeed. But mixed with his business acumen is a strong streak of romanticism which leads him into strange adventures. It was probably this romanticism which led to his marriage in 1933 to Jeanne Stuart, a pretty, blonde actress on the London stage. He was 35 years of age and his bride was 22.

Jeanne Stuart was a popular favourite off-stage, lovely to look at and a pleasant companion but not endowed with much talent as an actress. I am sorry to report that the marriage had only a very short run—in fact, six months. Therefore we can have Miss Stuart out of this narrative by stating that after a lapse of time she married Baron Eugene Rothschild at the Long Island, and has lived happily ever since."

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In fact, she became the most photographed woman in cafe aristocracy. At a charity ball for variety artists she auctioned dolls, a large Panda, boxes of cigars, etc., and when it was over, she told the assembled guests that they were the meanest crowd she had ever met.

"Nobody would do anything," she told the gossip columnists. "The bidding was nearly all from my husband or myself or Mrs. Field."

Incident followed incident. At the Cafe de Paris she stormed out during the singing of Mariene Dietrich because the Socialist MP Mrs. Braddock, who was introducing Dietrich, wore a plain worsted top piece on the dance floor level.

When the reporters asked her why she had kicked up a row she answered that day clothes were acceptable in the gallery, but the strict rule on the dance floor was evening dress. "I was very annoyed," she said, "and I left."

A little later she wrote an article for a London newspaper entitled "How I Make Ends Meet." She stated that her annual dress bill was £3,000, that her new swimming pool cost £40,000 and that their yacht swallowed up £15,000 a year.

Hardly had London recovered from this scandal outburst when the Dockers hit the headlines by going down a mine to the coal face. More photographs! More controversy!

But they were not finished with coal. The miners, whom they had visited, were invited to come aboard her yacht and have a real bang-up party. There was good food, good spirits and general high-jinks. The miners sang choruses and Lady Docker did a solo dance.

Society, or what is left of it, raised its nose and its eyebrows. The dowager duchesses drank their tea and thanked whatever gods there be that they were not as Lady Docker. As for this party for miners on board the yacht... Tut! Tut!

Many Incidents Lady Docker's comment to a gossip columnist was: "We always keep a strong watch on the after-deck to repel boarders and gate-crashers. In this way we keep clear of the debris of Dobner's." The point being that Dobner's is the official volume of titled people and landed gentry.

But the Dockers were not content with a yacht. They commissioned a specially designed Daimler motor car which was of such magnificence that it stole the headlines: it was the Motor Show. "It is enough to turn people into Communists," sneered the suburbanites. Sir Bernard's comment was that it gave the skilled worker a chance to prove that Britain had it all the time.

Incident followed incident. The Dockers seemed to be fighting an unending battle with the gossip columnists to the accompaniment of reports and headlines. A last but not least incident followed by Sir Bernard Docker.

When friends meet



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SOAPY WATER IS GOOD FOR PLANTS! USE BATH SURPLUS IN THE GARDEN.
WATER (MILKING)

TAKEN FOR A RIDE BY MEN LOOKING FOR AN EXCUSE TO KILL...

The pace is hotting up... It is not too late to start 'DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER' by IAN FLEMING

JAMES BOND, Secret Service operator, has penetrated the Spangled Mob, international diamond smugglers, one of whose agents is the beautiful Tiffany Case. Having helped to smuggle diamonds into America, he is told, as part of the precautions the gang takes, that he will be paid off if he plays blackjack as per instructions in a gambling joint at Las Vegas. He disobeys the instructions and wins more money than he is meant to, much to the annoyance of Big Boss Spang. In Las Vegas he has contacted Ernie Curoo, a taxi-driver employed by his friend Felix Leiter, a Pinkerton detective.

CHAPTER SEVEN

ERNE Curoo's cab was rolling slowly along the Strip towards down-town Las Vegas. Bond had got tired of waiting for something to happen, and he had called up the Pinkerton man and suggested they get together for a talk. "How'dya make out?" asked Ernie.

"Not bad," said Bond. "Tough some money off them at roulette, but I don't suppose that'll worry our friend Spang. They tell me he's got plenty to spare."

"He's crazy about the Old West. Bought himself a whole ghost town way out on Highway 89. He's shorted the place up with wooden sidewalks, a fancy saloon, clapboard hotel where he rooms the boys, even the old railway station."

"Why back in '03 or thereabouts, this dump—Specterville it's called—being how it's right alongside the Spectre range was a ruin! Silver camp. For around three years they dug millions out of those mountains and a spur line took the stuff into Rhyolite, maybe 50 miles away. That's another famous ghost town."

"Well, Spang bought himself one of the old locos and one of the first Pullman state coaches, and he keeps them in the station at Specterville and week-ends he takes his

himself, was just what he had been waiting for. "Okay, Leiter," said the driver cheerfully. "I been looking for a chance to take a poke at the gang. I don't like being leached on and they been leaching on me and some of my friends for too long. Hold tight. Let's go."

It was a straight stretch of road with not much traffic about. The distant tops of the mountains were yellow in the setting sun and the street was beginning to get blue with the 15 minutes of dusk when you can't make up your mind whether to switch on your lights.

They were riding easily along at 40 with the low-slung Jaguar right on their tail and the black sedan a block ahead of them. Suddenly, so that Bond pitched forward, Ernie Curoo put his brakes full on and dry-skidded to a stop with a scream of tyres. There was a shattering splinter of metal and glass as the Jaguar hit their fenders. The cab lurched forward against its brakes and then the driver jammed it into gear and, with a horrible tearing of iron, freed himself from the smashed radiator of the car behind and accelerated away down the road.

"Must be something. But I never seen it. Ya can't get near the place. Yessir," the driver let down the side window and spat emphatically into the road. "That's how Mister Spang spends his money. Daff, like I said."

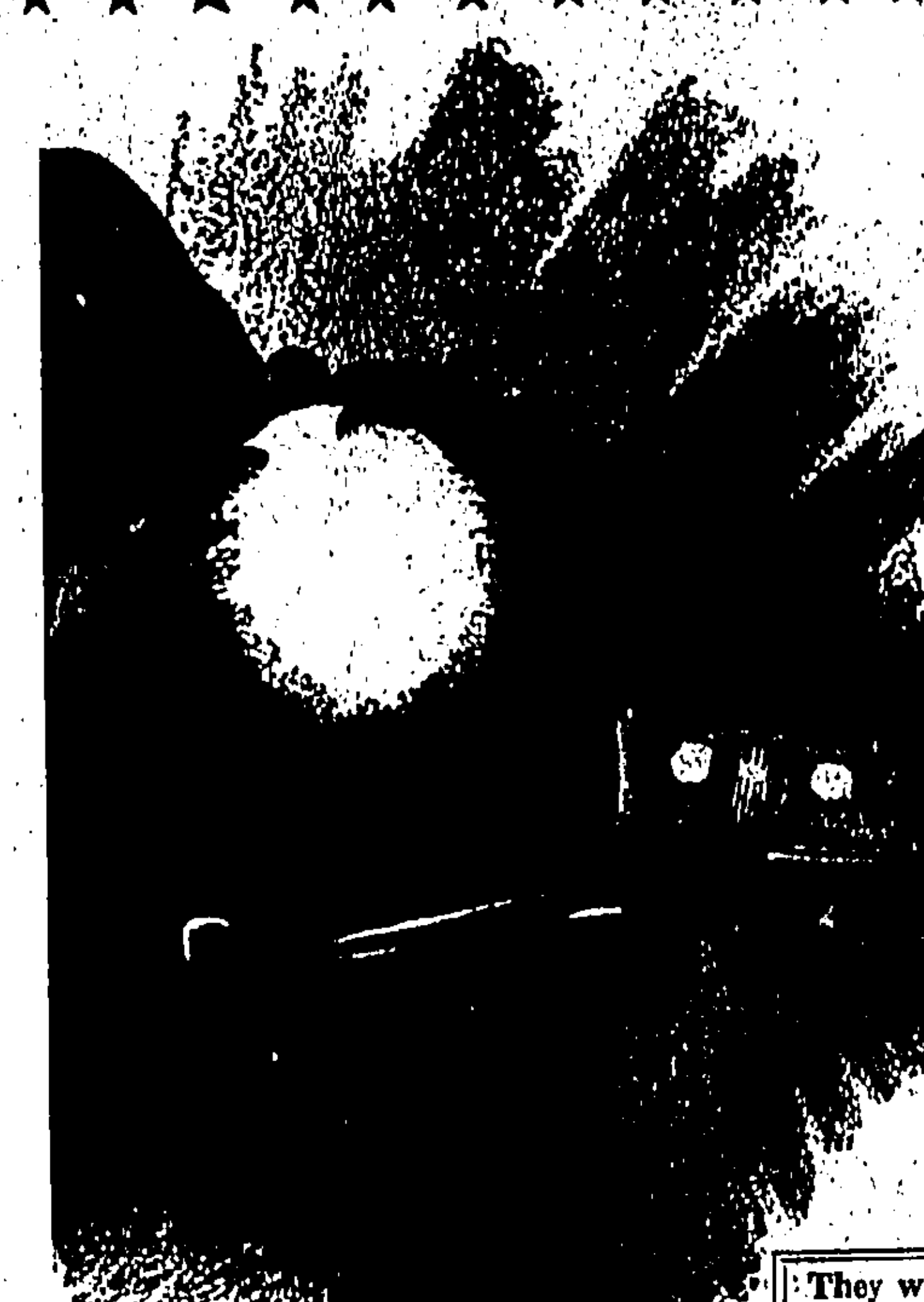
Ernie Curoo's voice changed. "We got ourselves a tall mister," he said out of the corner of his mouth. "Two of 'em. Fore an aft. Don't look back. See that black Chevy sedan in front? With the two guys. They got two driving mirrors and they been watching us and keeping sly for quite a while."

"Back of us there's a little red sports model Jag with a rumble seat. Two more guys. With golf clubs in the back. But it just happens I know them guys. Detroit Purple Mob. Golf club. They can handle are in their pockets. Just swivel 'eyes round as it is you're admiring the scenery. Watch their gunhands while I try 'em out. Ready?"

BOND did as he was told. The driver put his foot on the accelerator and simultaneously turned off the ignition switch. The exhaust let go like an 88 millimetre and Bond saw the two right hands dive into the two brightly-coloured sports jackets.

Bond took a 1,000-dollar bill out of his pocket and leaned over, and stuffed it into the pocket of the driver's shirt. "There's a Grand to go on with," he said. "And thanks, Ernie. Let's see what you can do."

Bond slipped his Beretta out of the holster and cradled it in his hand. This, he thought to



DRAWING BY ROBB

coming after them, his eyes blazing.

"Hold it," said Curoo with an odd, muffled voice. "Going to do a sharp turn and stop under cover of the next block. Give ya a clear shot as they come round after us."

Bond braced himself as the tyres screamed, and the car lurched on two wheels and then righted itself and stopped. Then he was out of the door and crouching with his gun up. The lights of the Chevrolet lunged into the side road and there was a squeal of tortured rubber as it made the turn on the wrong side. Now, thought Bond, before he can straighten up.

Crack—a pause. Crack. Crack. Four bullets, at 20 yards, dead on the target.

The Chevrolet didn't straighten up. It went over the kerb on the other side of the road, hit a tree roadside, bounded off it, and smashed into a lamp standard and turned completely round and slowly toppled over on its side.

As Bond watched it, waiting for the echoes of the smashing metal to stop ringing in his ears, flames started, to bleed slowly from the chromium mouth of the car. Someone was scrambling at a window, trying to get out.

Bond had started across the road when there was a groan from the front seat of the cab and he turned round to see Ernie Curoo slip from under the wheel to the floor.

man was just saying something to a huge girl.

Bond turned and strained his eyes across the dark expanse behind them. Still nothing. He glanced at the neighbouring cars. Two faces glared together. A shapeless huddle on a back seat. Two prim, ripe, elderly faces staring upwards. The glint of light on an upturned bottle.

And then a wave of musky after-shave lotion came up to his nose and a dark figure rose up from the ground and a gun was in his face and a voice on the other side of the car beside Ernie Curoo whispered softly, "Okay, fellows. Take it easy."

BOND looked into the suit-face beside him. The eyes were smiling and cold. The wet lips parted and whispered, "Out, Limbo, or your pal's cold turkey. My friend has a silencer. You and we're going for a ride." Bond turned his head and saw the black sausage of metal against the back of Ernie Curoo's neck. He made up his mind. "Okay, Ernie," he said, "better one than two. I'll soon be back to get you to the doc. Take care of yourself."

"Funny guy," said suit-face. He opened the door, keeping his gun trained on Bond's face.

They were riding easily at 40 with the Jag on their tails... suddenly the tyres screamed, glass splintered.

Bond gritted his teeth and his muscles lumped under his coat. He glanced from one gun to the other, measuring, adding up odds. The four eyes above the two guns were greedy, longing for an excuse to kill him. The two mouths were smiling, wanting him to try something. He felt his blood cooling. He gave it another minute and then, with his hands in sight, he stepped slowly out of the car with murder tucked away in the back of his mind.

"GO ahead to the gate," said Curoo, "suit-face softly. Look natural. I got you covered." His gun had disappeared, but his hand was in his pocket. The other man joined them and his right hand was at the waistband of his trousers. He ranged himself on Bond's other side.

The three men walked swiftly towards the entrance and the moon rising over the mountains straddled their long shadows in front of them across the white, sandy floor.

(COPYRIGHT)
MONDAY:
Meet Mr Spang

"Diamonds Are Forever," by Ian Fleming, is published by Cape.

LIFE WITH ALLEN

A WATCH FOR UNCLE

By GERALD ALLEN

"SOMETHING must be done to raise the wind," I said. "A very apt expression," agreed Molly. "If we go on like this, we'll soon be living on fresh air. The tradespeople have been very patient, but they've troubles of their own."

"Shall we pawn Great Uncle Harry's watch again?" I suggested. "You didn't raise much on it last time," said Molly doubtfully.

"That watch is worth every penny of fifty pounds," I said. "I asked her with quiet dignity. 'When we fail to raise a tenner on it, I shall lose all sense of values.'"

My sense of values received a nasty jar the next day. The pawnbroker didn't seem to fancy the family heirloom.

"What did you want on it?" he asked, pushing it about gingerly as if it were a hand-grenade.

"Twenty pounds?" I suggested casually.

HE gave a small little shake of his head and pushed the watch towards me.

"Ten," I said.

He gave a negative kind of smile, and pushed the watch again.

"You gave me twelve, last time," I lied.

"I did!"

"Your assistant did."

"Ah—I had to sack him. He thought this place was a philanthropic institution," said the pawnbroker sadly.

"He seemed to be a very discerning sensible, level-headed young chap, to me," I remarked.

"Well, we've not judging character and I don't want the watch."

The pawnbroker sounded quite cross. I realised it was no time for half measures.

"Don't want it!" I cried. "You just can't afford to turn it down. This watch is no ordinary one. It was presented to my Great Uncle Harry for his life."

"Very interesting. But I still don't want it."

Obviously, the man was going to be difficult. But I masked my doubts with polished assurance.

"It was back in '93, the era of gaudy and handsome cabs. Great Uncle Harry was just a simple country lad, fresh to the temptations of city life."

THE pawnbroker was growing restive.

"Look," he said. "I don't want your family history and I don't want your watch."

I fixed him with a steady eye and carried on.

"This boy, innocent and unworried, fell an easy victim to the wiles of a beautiful woman—none other than the famous can-can dancer, Frou-frou, the toast of a dozen European capitals."

My audience showed signs of interest.

"You can imagine what the charms of such a woman would do to a raw simple youth."

"I can that," agreed the pawnbroker. "The trouble we've had getting my boy out of a mix-up with a barmaid, you wouldn't believe."

"Then your father's heart will warm to my tale," I said, patting him on the shoulder. "Great Uncle Harry fell with a bang. Little did he know that Frou-frou was carrying on with an

international jewel thief, a scoundrel wanted by the police of three countries."

"Never know where you are with women, and that's a fact," mused my audience.

"She introduced this man as her brother, and within a week Great Uncle Harry had, unknowingly, become one of the scoundrel's accomplices. Frou-frou would admire some 'trinket' in a jeweller's window, and when they were all inside the shop, the so-called brother would be noting the layout of the place."

"The swine!" exclaimed the pawnbroker.

"THEY made that poor lad their unsuspected tool. His guileless manner never failed to lull the victim's suspicions. But retribution was at hand. One night, in using his blow-lamp to open a safe in upstairs room, the jewel thief accidentally fired some hangings. In a few minutes, the whole place was blazing."

"Did they use blow-lamps in those days?" put in the pawnbroker suspiciously.

"This was a very early model," I said hastily. "The jewel thief managed to get away before the stairs were engulfed in flames, but Frou-frou stayed behind to rescue a kitten that was in the room. She was trapped by the fire. Now, Great Uncle Harry was waiting outside with a carriage. Of course, he thought Frou-frou and her 'brother' were calling on the jeweller by appointment. Imagine his horror when he saw Frou-frou open an upstairs window and smoke and flames come pouring out."

"Cor!" said the pawnbroker.

"The fire brigade arrived, but all their attempts to reach Frou-frou failed. Then Great Uncle Harry, white-faced but resolute, went steadily up the ladder. The crowd gave a great cheer which faded into deathly silence broken only by the roar and crackle of the flames."

STRAIGHT to the window he climbed then, and overcome by the heat and fumes, he collapsed into the room, and clasped his loved one in his arms."

"Poor kids!" whispered the pawnbroker huskily.

"Oh, they got down all right. That's how Uncle Harry got the watch public subscription. But being a modest fellow, he wouldn't have it inscribed."

"What happened to the girl?"

"Turned over a new leaf and became my great aunt."

"I don't believe a word of it, but I'll let you have ten pounds on the watch," the pawnbroker said. "You're a great trier." (At least, I think he said "trier".)

Just as I was strolling out of the shop, the pawnbroker said:

"By the way, if your Uncle was so overcome by the fumes, how did he get down with the girl?"

I accelerated. "The ladder carried them down. I called over my shoulder. 'It was presented with a watch just like my uncle's.'"

"Well, don't bring it in here," shouted the pawnbroker after me.

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Never Mind; Pharaoh Suffered Too...

MRS Erskine came to see me because she suffered from morning headaches. She was not so much worried about these. Rather, she was concerned about her blood pressure, which she felt caused them.

"Why do you think that your blood pressure is high?" I asked.

"I had it taken once and it was 140," she said.

I was not impressed.

In the first place, blood pressure depends on whether the heart, which is like a pump, is expanding or contracting. As the heart beats out blood the pressure rises to well over the 100 mark generally while in the immediate pause that follows a heart beat the blood pressure falls below that figure. So there are two figures to note—not one.

I also told Mrs Erskine that her emotional state at the time of the test was important. Fear or pain makes the blood pressure rise. Other emotions have a similar effect, so that young men speak scientifically when they say of a film star: "Boy, she certainly sends up my blood pressure."

The true level of the blood pressure can only be known after a number of readings after the patient becomes used to the test and is quite at ease. "I suppose all that gives one a reason why people who suffer

from blood pressure are told to keep calm!" Mrs Erskine said. "Yes," I answered. "I know they are commonly told not to get upset and not to quarrel. Strangely, though, anger causes one of a rise in blood pressure than many other emotions."

I asked Mrs Erskine her age. For the older the person the higher one may expect the blood pressure to be. Quite a high blood pressure in older people is compatible with normal health.

Mrs Erskine was reluctant to tell her age. "I'm as old as my arteries," she answered lightly.

She was speaking very much to the point without being aware of it, for there is a close relationship between the "hardening of the arteries" (arteriosclerosis, as doctors call it) and high blood pressure.

The opinion that arteriosclerosis and high blood pressure is a disease of modern times and is related to modern nutrition and to the unique physical and mental strain of speedy modern life is contradicted by recent investigations at the Field Museum in Chicago. There, with the aid of X-rays, they demonstrated the hard arteries of an ancient unwrapped Egyptian mummy. Scientists have also shown that King Xerxes, the Pharaoh of the Hebrew exodus, also had hardened arteries, and so oddly proved, on another level, the truth of the biblical saying: "Pharaoh's heart is hardened."

he refuseth to let the people go."

"Well, let's hope I'm not like Pharaoh," said Mrs Erskine as I took her blood pressure. She seemed at ease and on that one reading her blood pressure reached the upper limits of normality.

Since overweight is a factor in causing high blood pressure, I recommended that she should be discreet about her diet.

"I'll try to lose some weight," she said.

"Yes," I said, "but mainly, don't worry about it!"

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STUNNED BY A CARTOON

From Ronald Singleton

SEVEN MINUTE animated cartoon, made by a husband and wife team in London, and showing the end of the world by atom bomb, has shocked the United States.

U.S. Army, Defence Department and State Department officials were so impressed when they saw it that they asked for the film to be shown to the armed forces and civil defence organisations.

The film, made by Joan and Peter Foldes, 1938 Cannes Film Festival prize-winners, was shown on television here.

The announcer warned parents: "It's not for children. They should go asleep, anyway."

If they aren't, tell them it's only a fantasy."

The quiet voice of Peter Foldes was then heard. It told an eerie story of "The Thing," a strange plane, "which as it flies overhead burns everything diving into a skeleton and at last destroys itself."

The Thing flies over a sleeping city. A mother, father and child are shown asleep. Then comes the terrifying moment when the bomb drops. The faces of the mother, father and child crumple until only skeletons are left.

Says the narrator: "...When it was over there was nothing left but a small flame. The mountains, the fields the city and the earth, had all disappeared, and it was cold except

for the small flame, and then I saw it still flying around the flame. And now it looked like a moth and it, too, was destroyed and the flame died."

The TV company whichboard was swamped with calls from stunned viewers. Some said they were terrified. Many said they were horrified.

But many more were impressed. They praised the cartoon as excellent anti-war propaganda.

Said distributor George K. Arthur: "We had calls from the Pentagon and the State Department asking for use of it. TV stations and theatres throughout the country want it."

Is it a fit film for children? The 10-year-old daughter of a studio official said she liked it, but asked: "Did God go, too?"

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



YES, THE DUCHESS BAFFLED ME...



WHAT causes one human being to fall madly in love with another is occasionally dear to third persons. More often it remains a mystery to the onlooker. As far as I was concerned it was emphatically a mystery in the case of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor...

THE DUCHESS WITH RENE MACCOLL... AMERICA 1941

IN August 1941 the Duke and Duchess of Windsor announced that they intended to pay their first joint large-scale visit to the United States.

Just a year earlier the Duke had taken up his post of Governor of the Bahamas, following the fall of France.

Some people proposed to make a swing around the eastern part of the U.S.A. visit Washington, go up to the Duke's ranch in Canada, and then look in on New York.

The news was far from welcome in British official circles. It was obvious that relations between the Duke and the British Government were still badly strained, perhaps beyond repair.

However, the Duke captured the public imagination and one day I received the news from Sir Gerald Campbell, by then heading the organisation (which about this time changed its name to British Information Services), that I had been chosen as public relations official for the couple during their visit.

FLIGHT TO THE BAHAMAS

THE rule seemed to be that the Duke must say as little as possible, must hold no Press conferences, give no interviews, make no statements.

At the end of August I flew to Miami, changed planes and then over to the Bahamas.

I was made welcome at Government House first by Major Gray Phillips, a pleasant man, who was one of the Duke's A.D.C.s. After some casual talk a door opened and the Duke came in.

I had seen him scores of times on various assignments, but had never been presented to him before. He was in informal sports clothes, open-necked shirt, slacks, sandals. We shook hands and he ushered me into his study.

Soon it was time for lunch, and I was presented to the Duchess.

In the afternoon we all went swimming at the Duke's cabana. That night there was a dinner party (white jackets, and the Duke wearing the kilt).

The Duchess rather baffled me. I was never at my ease with her.

What causes one human being to fall madly in love with another is occasionally clear to third persons. More often it remains a mystery to the onlooker. As far as I was concerned it was emphatically a mystery in the case.

In the 1880s, along the French Riviera, you could and did encounter any number of ladies who were rather of the Duchess's general stamp; the smart, quick-witted, well-dressed American woman.

I did not see beyond the most noticeable domination of her husband, nor any great originality in the Duchess; her conversation was "brilliant" and often gay; the perfect counterpoint for a dinner-party.

THE DUKE AND KING BORIS

BUT I waited in vain for the definitive wickerack, about which I had heard so much the memorable not or dovetailing rejoinder.

I missed the only thing of the sort which came my way was when we were all in a train bowling across Ohio later on, and one of the railway officials came to the Duke's suite to say that the locomotive was of a brand-new type.

He would be pleased if the Duke would care to ride on the foot-plate for a quarter of an hour or so. The Duke agreed and then looked quickly over at the Duchess to test her reaction. She laughed rolickingly. "You and King Boris," she said, "had pre-war. King of Rumania had a media for training and asked nothing better than to be allowed to drive them."

The Duchess, it goes without saying, was always impeccably smoothed. She devoted an enormous amount of time and

CONTINUING the exciting inside stories of a roving reporter... by RENE MACCOLL

DEADLINE & DATELINE CHAPTER SIX

care to her wardrobe and appearance.

The main criticism is usually about the money it must cost the apparatus of flying personal hairdressers, etc.—but while this cannot be inconsiderable, I think it is more significant that she is prepared to devote so much of her waking hours to things like sitting in a hairdresser's chair, or choosing new dresses, and selecting new

Whether all that can be an end in itself, whether automatic inclusion year after year in the list of the World's Ten Best-Dressed Women can bring deep and lasting satisfaction, is something upon which I cannot pass judgment. I will merely say that I find it surprising.

That she dominated the Duke was clear to the least perceptive. I have rarely seen an assembly established over one partner in marriage by the other to so remarkable a degree.

The Duke at that time and after five years of marriage, struck me as still a happy man. He seemed to revel in being with the Duchess, in summing himself in her smile; in admiring her appearance; in listening to her conversation.

And he constantly sought her approval for what he did and said. One would be aware of glances exchanged; questioning glances on the Duke's part, congratulatory or sometimes slightly disapproving on that of the Duchess.

THE DUCHESS SAID 'NO'

ONCE, on another of the later American train journeys, the train was stopped by arrangement on a lonely stretch of line, and the Duke and Duchess, dressed in their usual get-down, trudged back along the clatter track, and posed for Press photographs under the train's observation ear.

After a number of pictures had been made one of the photographers, no doubt recalling Churchill's famous gesture of defiance which was already known across the world, called out: "Could we have one with you making the V-sign, Dook?"

The Duke smiled and started to raise his hand in compliance. Suddenly he caught sight of the Duchess staring at him intently. She shook her head. The Duke dropped his arm.

To remain slender was an obsession with the Duchess. She detested fat. The Duke, however, had at retaining his own boyish, lissome figure. He would go off every morning for an hour or more of violent exercise, squash I think it must

have been. His lunch consisted only of a plate of stewed fruit and a pot of weak tea. He drank sparingly of alcohol in the evening.

I spent a second night at Government House. As to the visit to the U.S.A., my conversation with the Duke proved a night have been expected—negative. I was haunted by the knowledge that I was to be present with the party as a reporter or rather than an encourager of information. I was not sure what the Duke had in mind. He said, of course, that all interviews were out. But I got the impression that at the end of his mind he was reluctantly considering the possibility of giving the occasional interview.

A SENSE OF GRIEVANCE

IT was also obvious, a night I have been expected, that he was suffering from a considerable sense of grievance. One or two half uttered allusions, one or two expressions on his face were enough.

The Duke and Duchess spent a day in Miami.

Next day we were off for Washington on the Seaboard Airline Railroad. As we clambered aboard the big steel coaches the story which was to startle the number of pieces of luggage and the number of retainers which they had brought with them.

The estimate of the number of pieces of baggage varied between 35 and 80—with 80 the more generally accepted figure. I don't know what the real figure was, but it was the heard which was likely in that situation.

It grew until it was so out of hand that no amount of denial would ever catch up with it. It would probably have been regarded as impertinent and unbecoming if I had tried giving the Duke of Windsor advice on where he ought to stay while in New York.

MY CRITICS... THE PRESS

YET it was manifestly not a good idea for them to take a costly suite up in the Waldorf Astoria, the "Millionaire Suite," which is the gossy annex to the common-or-garden Waldorf—Astoria Hotel.

Whether the Windsor suite was free or not is irrelevant from the public relations point of view. On top of the baggage story, the Windsors were now encased in some of the greatest hotel luxury they could possibly have found. The Press set up working headquarters downstairs and I

shuttled back and forth between altitude and depths as duty called.

The New York Press had not got on to the fact that a certain amount of conflicting purpose was evident. And on the day that a remarkable Press-conference— which— wasn't—a Press-conference was held by the Windsors in a private room at the Waldorf, things came to a head.

Here is the account which Helen Worden wrote in the New York World-Telegram (the Scripps Howard newspaper) that afternoon: "In an interview at the Waldorf-Astoria today the Duke of Windsor gave a clear indication that his relations with British officials in this country were by no means entirely amiable.

"Both he and his Duchess made it obvious that they were more than willing to talk to the Press, although this morning Rene MacColl, the British Press representative in charge, told reporters the Windsors would give no interviews while they were here.

"That has been the policy followed on their entire trip, he said. 'No interviews.'

"A few minutes later, when the Duke and Duchess appeared in the Starlight Room to pose for photographers and newswriters, the Duke left his wife's side to speak to Mr MacColl.

"When I do the talking, I want to do it alone," he said to MacColl, and clapped his hands in a gesture of dismissal. He seemed stern, even grim.

STICKING MY CHIN OUT

"TOMORROW afternoon Sir Gerald Campbell, who is in charge of the British Press information in the United States, will give a tea for the Windsors and the Press at the Waldorf. This noon the Duke said he would have something to say at the tea.

"Later, however, Mr MacColl insisted that no direct interview would be given by the Duke at tomorrow's tea."

That MacColl for you—always sticking his chin out... The Windsors had about five or six days of their visit left to go when I was quietly withdrawn from the P. R. job. One of those "diplomatic illnesses" you read about struck me down.

Later I got a pleasant letter from the Duke in which he thanked me for the way in which I had performed my duties in "very difficult circumstances and with unfailing tact."

I don't know if he suspected what the score was. Probably he did. But for those weeks I had felt like someone who was masquerading as a midwife but whose intentions are in reality of a different kind.

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"Deadline and Dateline" by Rene MacColl will be published this month by the Oldbourne Press at 15s.



WHICH team lost the FA Cup by the first-ever penalty goal in the final? Preston North End—against Huddersfield in 1922.

Which team, in one of the most dramatic finals of all time, won by a penalty goal after extra time and within 80 seconds of a replay? Preston North End—against Huddersfield in 1938.

Penalty goals are not the only coincidence of those two Preston-Huddersfield finals of riotous memory.

Incredible Cup Finals By George Whiting

As a humble spectator of both, at Stamford Bridge in 1922 and Wembley in 1938, I and hundreds of other impartial middle-aged characters are prepared to swear even now that neither of those two spot-kicks should have been permitted. In each case we claimed that the "incidents" that had us howling for blood and justice occurred outside the penalty area.

Blunderball... that was the kind of rough-neck, kick-and-hack stuff they gave us in 1922, in the last Cup Final to be played at Stamford Bridge. Making due allowances all round, I would say that Lancashire's Preston and Yorkshire's Huddersfield served up the dirtiest final of all time that rainy afternoon 34 years ago.

He wore glasses

And we thought they were two such wonderful teams! Wadsworth, England's left-back, the renowned Clem Stephenson (two Cup medals with Aston Villa) and Billy Smith, England's outside-left, were the Huddersfield "keys" from whom we were told to expect miracles of position and precision. Preston offered us among their galaxy the thrustful Tom Roberts at centre-forward, and amateur goalkeeper J. F. Mitchell, the only player ever to parade in a final wearing spectacles.

In a League match the previous week, Huddersfield had beaten Preston 6-0, and come Cup Final day, the boys got "stuck in" from the start. The referee J. W. D. Fowler, of Sunderland, never caught up with them.

TALE OF TWO PENALTIES

Nobody seemed to bother much about the ball. Within ten seconds, centre-forward Roberts was knocked flying by a Huddersfield half-back—and the pattern was set for a 90-minute lesson on how not to play football.

After a while, all 53,000 of us on the terraces and in the stands became resigned to the rubbish. How were we to know they were going to drop drama bang in our laps?

Billy Smith set off for the umpteenth time down the Huddersfield left wing, sold a dummy to Duxbury, Preston's right-half, and made full-pelt for goal. As he neared the penalty area, over came Hamilton, the right-back and... bingo!

side the penalty area. That vigour, and over went Mutch, not-hold, they declared, marked the spot where Hamilton had tackled Smith. Later, the slow-motion films seemed to say so, too.

Sixteen years later, Preston took their revenge, and in circumstances that provided what must surely be the greatest Cup coincidence of all time.

Preston, we thought, would cake-walk all over Huddersfield in 1938. Lying third in the League, the Lancashire team had been giving us ball-on-the-ground artistry from such Scottish internationals as left-back Andrew Beattie, inside-right George "Sand" Mutch—all Mutches are Sandys—and right-half Shankley. Huddersfield, by contrast, were down in the near-relegation doldrums of the First Division.

Controlled by Londoner A. J. Jewell, a referee who brooked no funny business, this Cup Final was reckoned to be a walk-over for proud Preston.

But things went wrong for them from the start. Huddersfield would have been at least two up had they turned to proper and less excitable account the gilt-edged openings made for them by spring-heeled Joe Hulme on the right-wing. Hulme, his Arsenal glories behind him, was playing in his fifth Cup Final at Wembley that afternoon—a professional record that still stands.

Mutch goes over

Goals were not our portion. Preston and Huddersfield sloped away with much spirit but little inspiration through the normal 90 minutes, past the first period of extra time, and to within exactly one minute of the first Cup Final replay since 1912. Then, with hundreds streaking homeward out of Wembley, it happened.

George Mutch, Preston's midget inside-right, set off on what appeared to be yet another abortive, dribble towards goal. Centre-half Alf Young, Huddersfield's square-shouldered captain, cut across, tackled with

Penalty for Preston, said referee Jewell—just as referee Fowler had ordered for Huddersfield 10 years earlier. Once again, the crowd roared approval or wrath at the justice of the decision. And once again, subsequent films appeared to show the all-important tackle to have taken place outside the penalty area.

'Shut thee eyes...'

Ninety thousand of us watched in almost painful silence as the injured Mutch, shaking off the ministrations of his trainer, placed the ball on the spot, and booted it past the Huddersfield goalkeeper... Hestford, to 'avenge the calamity of 1922.

Only later, in the Preston dressing-room, did we hear how Tom Shill, their centre-half and captain, had searched swiftly but vainly among his team for a volunteer to take the kick.

"Which way shall I kick it?" asked the bemused Mutch...

"Shut thee eyes and hit the ruddy thing," came a reply in broad and bated Lancashire.

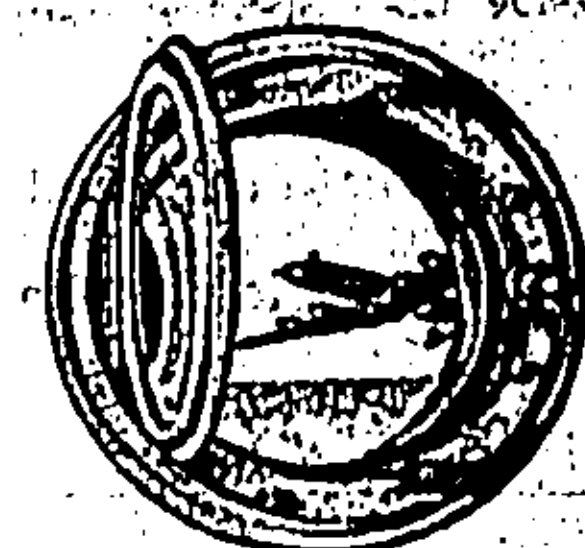
Sandy Mutch did just that. "As I took my run, I wondered what I was doing, and why," he said. "I crashed at the ball with my instep, and only when I made contact with my boot did I realise I was taking a penalty shot with only a few seconds to go in a Cup Final. It seemed like an hour before the ball twisted into the net."

But it seemed like 16 years to Preston North End.

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Next Saturday, George Whiting tells of the 1927 Final, when Cardiff City beat Arsenal to take the FA Cup out of England for the first and only time.

Reliability...

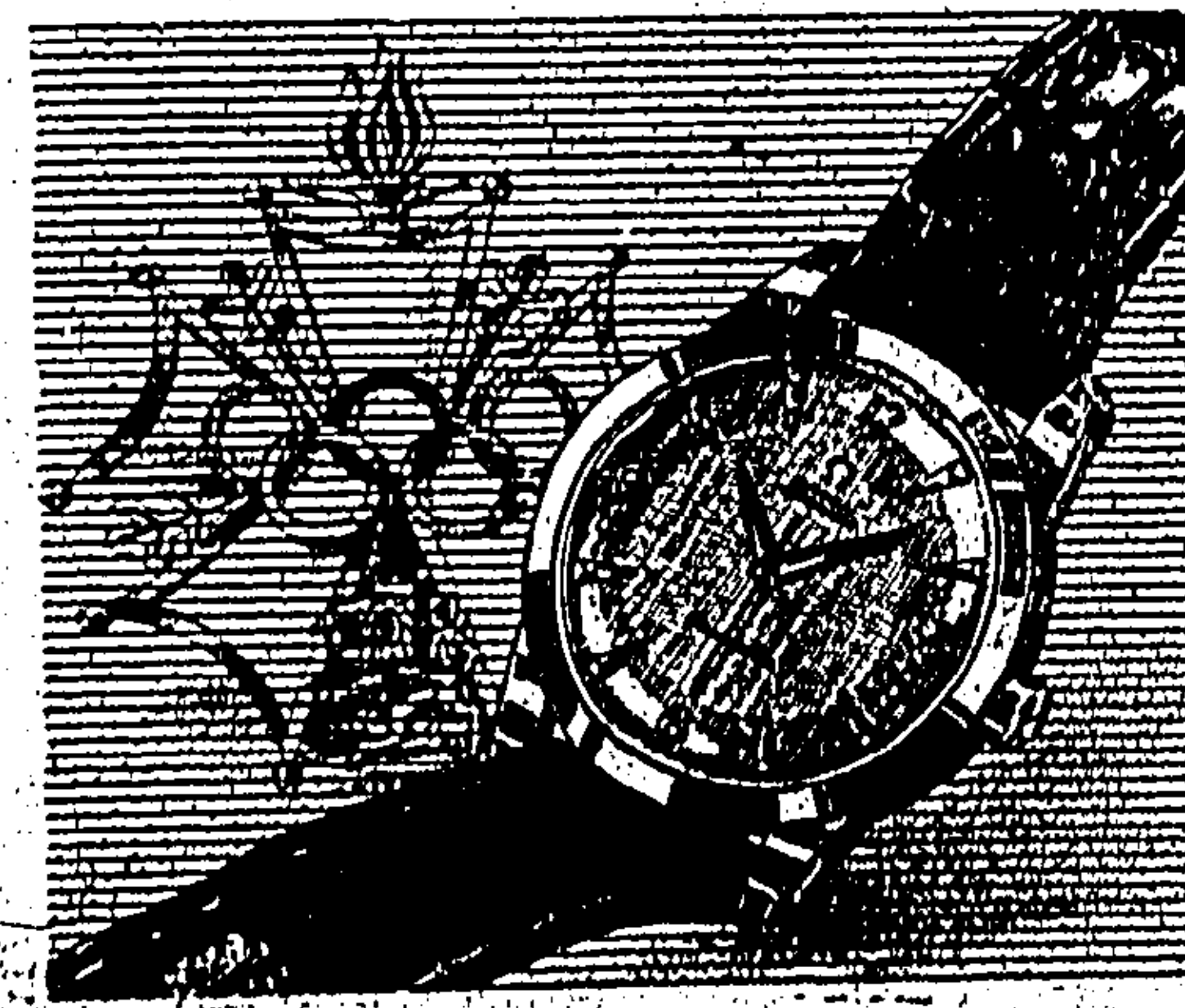


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NEW SHIP FOR ANTARCTIC

From MONTAGUE LACEY

Copenhagen. A SHIP that climbs ice packs: a ship that can be navigated by the captain from the crew's nest; a new wonder Polar ice ship in every way.

That is the Magga Dan, the 2500,000 flagship being built for the British Commonwealth trans-Antarctic expedition. It is chartered from its Danish owners for the winter of 1956-57.

The Magga Dan, which is to be visited by the Queen in the London dock on November 18, just before the ship sails with Dr. Vivian Jacobs and the expedition, will replace the Theron, which was trapped for weeks last winter in the ice of the Weddell Sea.

Most remarkable of the latest features of this new vessel is the big, heated, glass crew's nest, high up in the foremast. If the pack ice is bad, in the Weddell Sea, the captain can leave the bridge and run the ship from the crew's nest.

ICE KNIFE

Two men can sit in the crew's nest, which contains the telephone and instruments for navigating the ship. Access to it is by ladder inside the ship. The ice-breaking bows of the ship are of one-inch-thick steel, and the hull is specially designed to enable the ship to run up on the ice and break it.

They will force the ice from the propeller and protect it from ice damage. Above the rudder is an ice knife, like a giant's tooth, which protects the rudder from damage when the ship goes astern in ice-filled waters.

The Magga Dan also has a variable pitch propeller, which acts like the gears of a motor car. It is electrically controlled from the bridge or crew's nest, and will make the ship extremely efficient in ice. For example, by using this new-type propeller the pressure of the stem of the ship against the ice can be increased approximately 30 percent above what is possible with a normal propeller with fixed blades. The ice-breaking bows of the ship are of one-inch-thick steel, and the hull is specially designed to enable the ship to run up on the ice and break it.

In fact, the Magga Dan is 10 times stronger than any ice ship ever built before. It will carry a crew of 26 and has cabin space for 35 members of the expedition. The holds, which carry the expedition's stores, can be heated and kept frost-proof under Polar conditions and cooled down to minus 20 degrees centigrade under tropical conditions.

MANY WONDERS

The ship can sail for 15,000 miles or be away for three months without re-stocking or refuelling. Among the many other wonders of this little ship are wireless "loudhailers" and a special parking place on the after-deck for a small helicopter or a small hydroplane. The Lauritzen Line have more than 30 years' experience in Arctic and Antarctic waters. Their ships ply regularly in the ice-bound waters of Greenland and Finland.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

IN SEARCH OF SUMMER (2)

"Ponchos" & Stoles Have Taken The Place Of Towelling Jackets

By EILEEN ASCROFT



For a holiday by the sea artist Rix chose a sheath dress and a striped towelling stole. The girl on the right wears a multi-coloured poncho with white fringe.

FOR our second day's shopping spree the two-man and one-woman fashion team — Fashion artist Rix, Fashion photographer John Antill and myself — concentrated on bright ideas and bargains for the seaside and the country.

Rix, planning a continental holiday by the sea, was interested in bright beach clothes. He picked out this delightfully simple sheath dress (sketched on left) in sunshine yellow towelling. It buttons all down the front, can be worn

belted or unbelted and is a good way of "drying off" after a swim.

To slip round our model's shoulders to protect against sun or wind, Rix chose a bright blue towelling stole, striped with black and white. It can be used, too, as a beach towel or mat.

A CHANGE

Most interesting change I find on smart beaches this year is the disappearance of the towelling jacket. "Ponchos" and enormous stoles are newer.



POM-POMS FOR SAILING

For sailing holidays photographer Antill picked these two pirate caps — with stripes and pom-poms (above and below).

What Are The Qualities Of A Wife Who Is A Help To Her Husband's Career?

ARE you a help or a hindrance to your husband's career? Do you aid his business by winning friends for himself and his company, or handicap his efforts by over-ambition, nagging, disinterest or social blunders?

A good wife is worth at least £250 a year to her husband—often much more. But a bad wife can keep her husband socially in the red, whatever his income.

There is great scope in this country for a School for Wives, where some of the important feminine attributes, other than cooking and housework, could be taught.

American firms realise the importance of wives to their business. Many employers, before engaging a new employee, insist on meeting the woman in his life.

HOME BACKGROUND

The man who gets ahead, they say, comes from an affectionate, sympathetic and happy home. The employee who is unreliable, difficult or moody often has an unsatisfactory home background.

In Washington, the State Department has started special courses for wives of diplomats to ensure that social mistakes abroad shall not hinder their husbands.

It was announced last month that future brides of atomic workers in Britain must be vetted on security grounds. A wise security precaution, no doubt. But how many firms in this country bother to check on the lady of the house when engaging a man for an important job? If they did, it might prevent many commercial disappointments.

I dined recently with Mr. Walton Cole, editor of a large news agency whose work takes him all over the world. Consequently he is involved in much reciprocal catering.

"Without willing, sympathetic and hard-working wife this would be impossible," he said. Lucky is the man who possesses a wife with charm, who likes meeting people and making them welcome in her home, even if the nation may be short or inconvenient.

PLEASANT VOICE

For the woman who works for her husband's success there is happiness too. How much more satisfaction and sense of achievement there is in life for the wife who feels that her co-operation is essential to her husband's business life.

I asked three men in public life what subjects they would like to see included in a Wives' School course.

Voices training, says John Woolman, M.P. The telephone plays such a large part in life today, both in business and social affairs, that the right kind of voice is essential.

His pet hates are garrulous women who can't stop talking, women who overstep their husbands in public, and those who cannot listen well.

He mentioned, too, the disappointed wife in which so many husbands run their lives.

Knowing how to start a conversation, break up arguments with tact, draw a timid guest into the general circle, or restrain a too exuberant talker—these are arts that few women are born with and most have to learn.

Next we asked architect, Sir Hugh Casson, what he thought wives should know about running a successful home as a background to their husbands' career.

He believes that practical knowledge is important, such as nursing, gardening, catering. But she should also have an elementary knowledge of home appliances and electrical gadgets.

She should understand shopping values and how to use her money to the best advantage.

I agree wholeheartedly here with Sir Hugh. The woman without money sense, who keeps a man constantly worried about debts and new demands, can ruin his peace of mind and even destroy his self-confidence.

ART OF DRESSING

And one last point... so many young couples today plan to build their own homes in the future. He suggests that all young wives should be able to read a plan so that she can discuss it sensibly with her architect.

Actor David Niven contributes his ideas on a lesson in correct dressing for a School for Wives, though he confesses he would "hate to be the headmaster."

He thinks that women should understand the art of dressing—when to wear casual clothes, when to dress up. Biggest fashion fault, he thinks, is overdressing.

He dislikes high fashion, advocates that a woman dresses to please herself and her husband, introducing subtle touches of latest fashions. Nothing too obvious.

He dislikes fussy necklines and stoles that few English women know how to manage. The pressing iron morninggown has been "out" as far as he is concerned. He prefers a woman in a small hat so that he can see her face.

Other points he would like to include for wives dressing to help their husbands' business success... importance of dressing your age, minimum of jewellery for all ages, and no annoying colour-clashes please.

THOSE MUSTS

Musts for your holiday suitcase are a good protective sun cream or lotion, nourishing skin food to counteract the sun's drying effect, and a hair-conditioning cream to prevent the ravages of too much sun-bathing and salt water.

Legs should be smooth and silky, and a quick hair-removing lotion will keep them so. And do not forget a tiny deodorant and anti-perspiration stick combined.

Two exciting new preparations for the swimming. Beauty is a waterproof lipstick and mascara that come out of the sea looking just as perfect as before the dip.

And here is a packing tip for bottles and jars that cannot be trusted not to leak. Seal the lids with special tape.

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SHE IS PAID TO NAP ON HER JOB

By MARILYN MERCER

New York. AS a candidate for the ideal job, how about working for a pyjama company and spending your time testing the product?

Sounds like a gag, but it's a fairly accurate description of Betty Greenwald's job. A pretty brunette, Betty is chief sleep-tester for one manufacturer of pyjamas, and although most of her work consists of supervising other sleep-testers, there are times when she spends the best part of her day, several days a week, sleeping on the company time.

"Ordinarily," she says, "I take the pyjamas home and sleep in them, but if the factory is in a hurry for a report on a particular garment, I set up a bed and go right to sleep in the office."

She's cultivated... the ability to drop off to sleep at a moment's notice and snooze made.

away peacefully, despite phones ringing, typewriters clacking and fellow employees bustling about.

Sometimes she's clocked while she's sleeping, to see if the pyjamas are causing any excessive twisting and turning. "Mostly," she says, "I'm a very restless sleeper," she says.

★★★

Betty's company believes that a pyjama must be comfortable first, stylish second. There must be no seams, trimmings or other details to interfere with a sound night's sleep. Thus the sleep-testing programme.

Every new design, before it is put into production, is sleep-tested. Fifty or so girls from the country do the testing.

"Mostly," Betty says, "one tells another, and they volunteer," says Betty. They sleep in the pyjamas, wash them, and fill in a detailed report on their comfort and suitability. Betty reviews the reports, retains the garments that got top marks, and recommends changes to be made.

Sometimes we test a waiting for an answer on a

pyjama, ten times before it passes," she says.

Comments made by sleep-testers have brought about some design features that are permanent in the line. A backless collar, gripper expandable waistband, U-shaped crotch and more "cupped" buttons are all features of the company's pyjamas that were inspired by sleep-testers' complaints.

★★★

Betty majored in college in English and psychology. "I don't know where it's been a help or not," she started with the firm as a receptionist because "I didn't really know what I wanted to do." After a few months, she started testing pyjamas, and eventually worked up to supervising the sleep-test programme.

"Originally," says Betty, "I took the pyjama home with me overnight to test, and of course, I still do, except at the busy season when I test in the office. The first time I sleep-tested, I didn't know if I could fall asleep. The factory was waiting for an answer on a

pyjama, and it had to be tested right away. I said to myself, 'you're kidding up the wheels of progress,' thought about nothing, and went to sleep."

A problem when the first started was the fact that pyjamas are designed some six months before they are marketed, and so Betty found herself testing fashions in July.

She solved that one by buying an air-conditioner.

★★★

She does not, fortunately, suffer from insomnia. Even after a two- or three-hour nap in the office, she can sleep normally at night. And, in daytime testing, if the pyjama is comfortable, she has to be awakened. Once no one thought to wake her, she slept right through the day and was finally aroused by office cleaning women at 7.30 a.m.

Betty's advice to the sleep-testers: "Just completely and think about nothing. Clear your mind completely. Don't think about pleasant things because if they're too pleasant, you'll stay awake thinking about them."

price of a traditional yachting cap. Gayer, too, for young heads.

I picked out several felt top-coats and short jackets in brilliant felts. Lightweight and hard-wearing. I find them ideal for holiday wear.

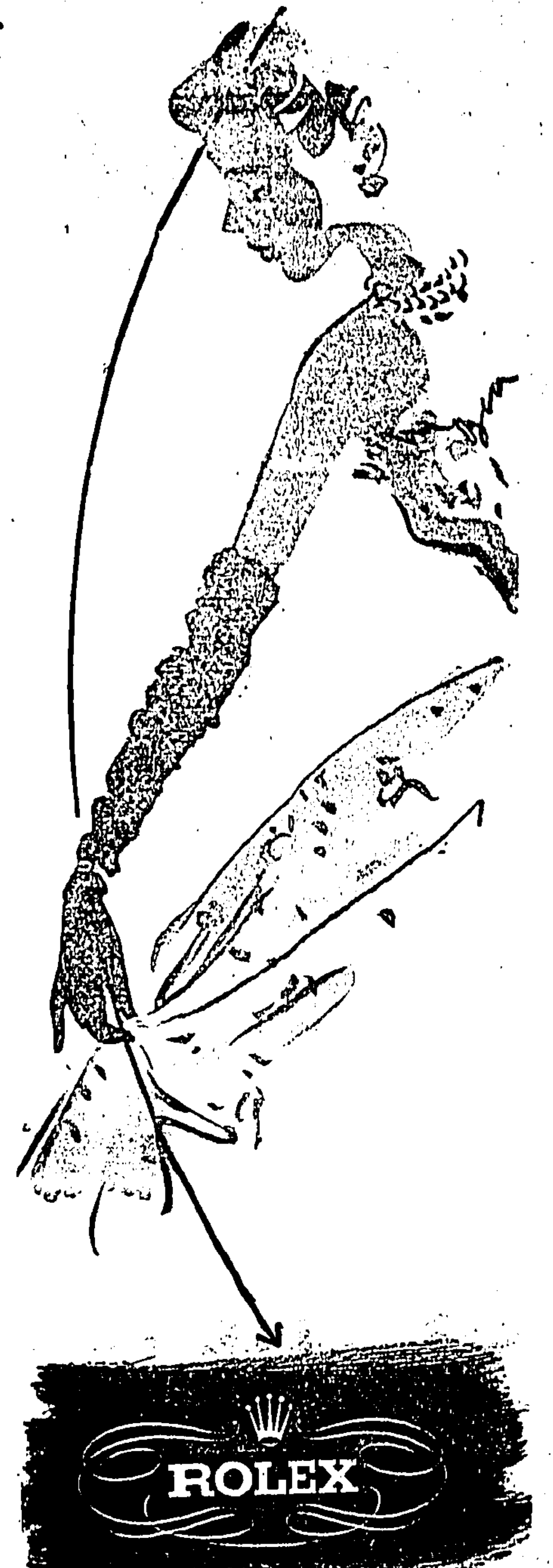
Equally right for travelling, slipping over a cotton dress or a summer party frock, they still look good worn with slacks. Best shades are bright pillar-box, royal or emerald green.

Slim-Leg Slacks

Slacks are most slim-legged this season. The old wide legs are really dead. For the very slim I chose gay wool tartans.

For really hard wear—and anyone who goes cruising or sailing knows how important this must be—I found tapered slacks in rayon cavalry twill. I liked these best in royal or sand, but they can also be bought in sail blue or white.

And there is a youthful and practical casual outfit for the summer holiday in sailcloth, for seaside or country. A short-sleeved smock-top to fit ages



six, eight or 10. Calf-length jeans to match, in royal red, orange, green or yellow.

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LEFT: The Hon. Ngan Shing-kwan trying out his archery at the bazaar held at the True Light Middle School in conjunction with its 21st anniversary last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



GIRLS of King George V School at their typewriting lesson. Picture taken at the annual Open Day, when there were many visitors. (Staff Photographer)



MR Solomon Rafeak replying to speeches of congratulations on his being awarded the British Empire Medal. Occasion was a dinner given in his honour by the Happy Valley and Canal Road Kaifong Welfare Association, of which he is Vice-Chairman. On right is Mr Allan Ng. (Staff Photographer)



MR Michael Clent and Miss Ellen Patricia Caren pause for the camera after their wedding at St Joseph's Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at the Union Church, Kennedy Road, last week of Moira Ann Gillies, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs A. Gillies.



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham at the Italian National Day reception. On the left is the Italian Consul-General, Dr Guido Rolli. (Staff Photographer)



MR W. R. Herod (Fifth from right), President of the International General Electric Inc., met by associates and friends on his arrival last Monday. Mr Herod is on a business tour around the world. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Mrs F. J. Wakefield, who has been Chairman of the Hongkong Family Welfare Society for the past three years, saying goodbye to members at the farewell tea party they gave her before she sailed for Australia with her husband. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Mrs Li Shu-pui holding aloft a sample of Chinese puddings eaten during the Dragon Boat Festival. She was giving a talk on Chinese festivals to an interested audience at the YWCA, Garden Road. (Staff Photographer)

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LEFT: Group picture taken at St Margaret's Church last Saturday on the occasion of the wedding of Mr Albert Francis Jorge and Miss Celeste Aravalo. (Staff Photographer)



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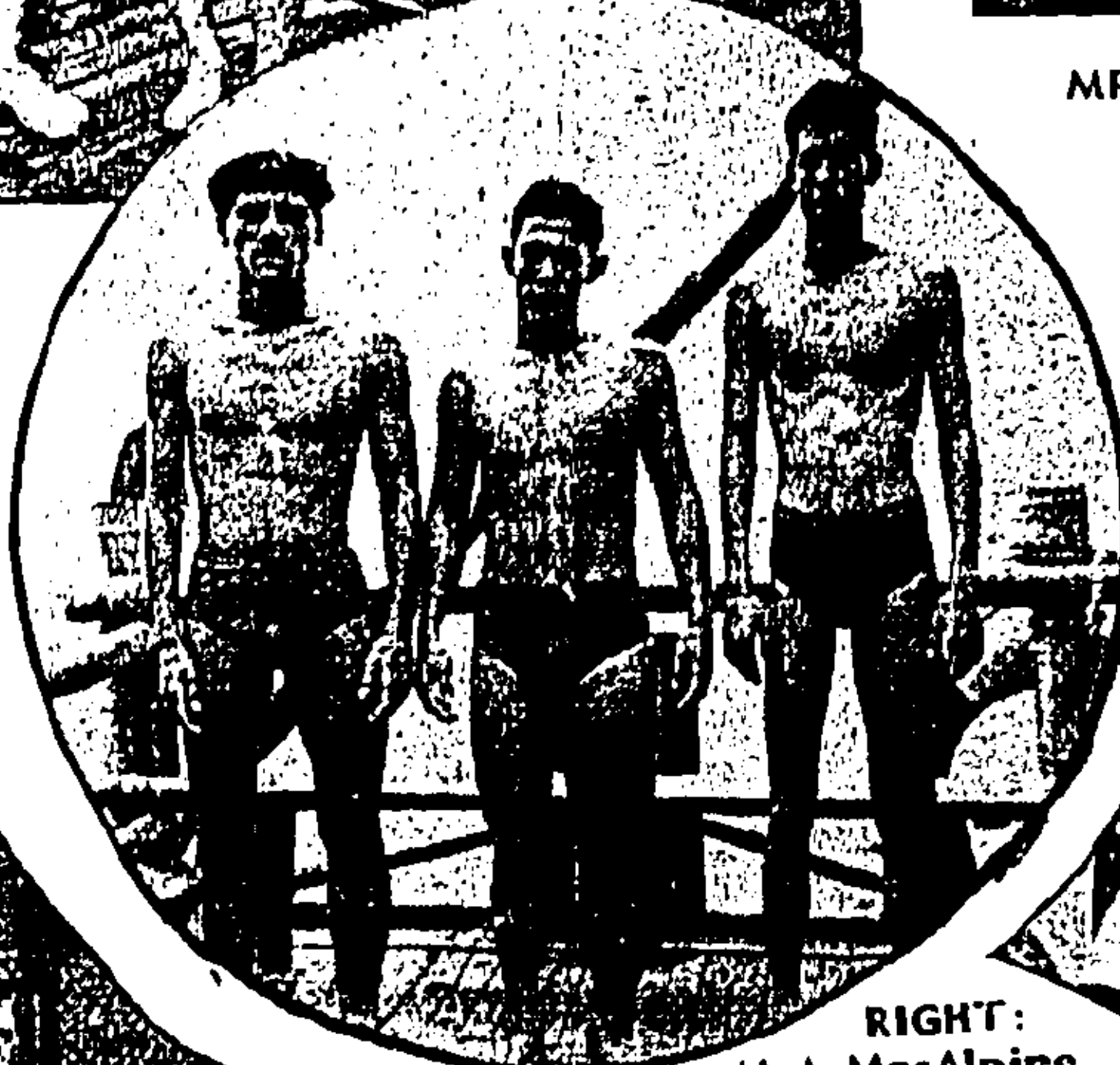
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SOME winners at last week-end's inter-schools aquatics. Above: Finalists in the girls' 200 metres breaststroke: Tsang Kit-ching (first), Tsang Yuk-man and To Bick-po. Right: Boys' 100 metres freestyle. Mak Wah, Wah Siu-ming (the winner, who set up a new record) and Chan Sing-chung. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Daisy Wu pointing out a feature of interest to Lady Grantham at the exhibition of her photographic work at St John's Cathedral Hall. (Staff Photographer)



MR Harry Odell presenting the first prize to the winners of the second finals of Radio Hongkong's "Beginners Please" talent show. The winners are the Pinna Sisters—Marie and Patricia. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Mr A. MacAlpine presented with a replica of the crest of the Hongkong Football Association by the Hon. Kwok Chan, President, in recognition of his long services to the sport. (Wah Kiu Yat Po)

LEFT: Mr Sonny Ismail and his bride, Miss Ina Hsu, toasting each other at their wedding reception at the India Club last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

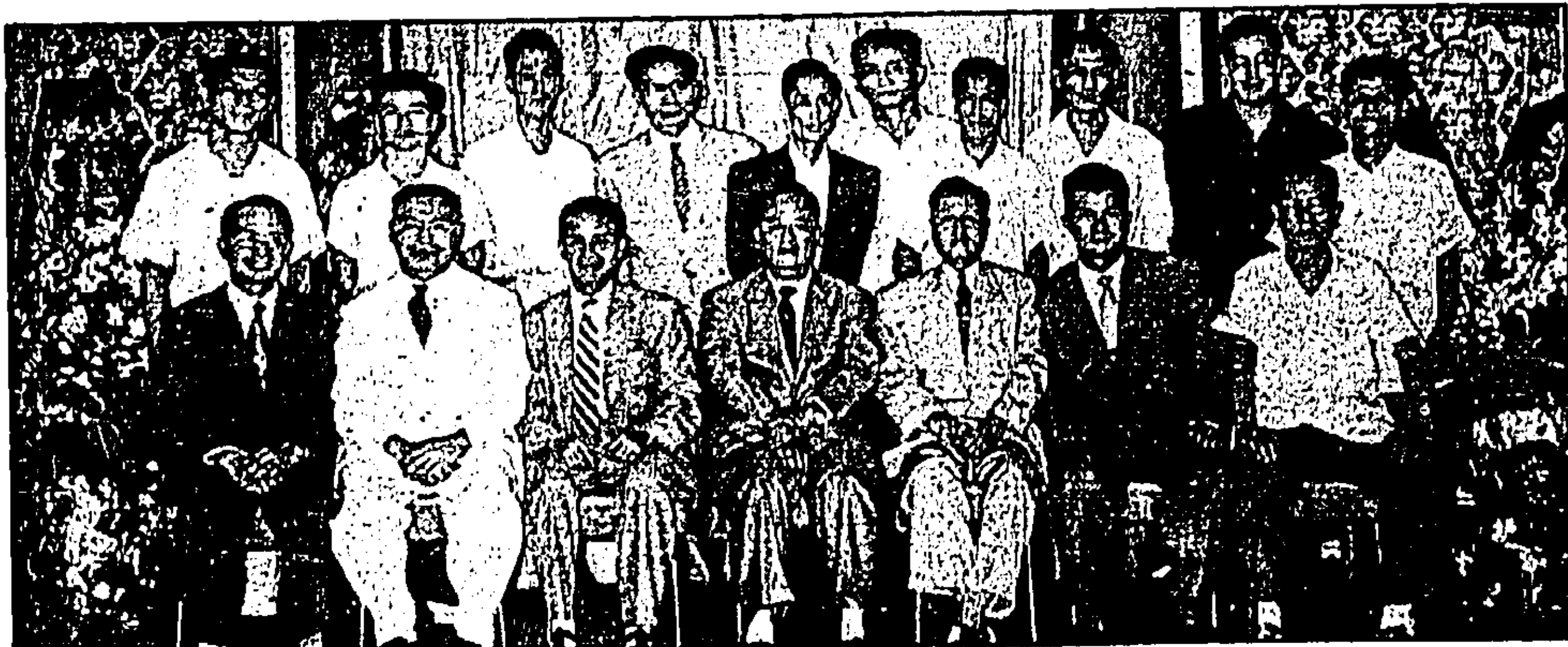
BELOW: This year's officials of the Hongkong Miniature Football Association. The President, Mr Chan Nam-choong, is seated in centre. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Carmon Molten giving away prizes at the annual dinner dance of the Softball Association, held at the Peninsula Hotel. Receiving the J.P. Inglis Trophy is Mr C. P. Remedios, manager of the Dolawars. (Staff Photographer)

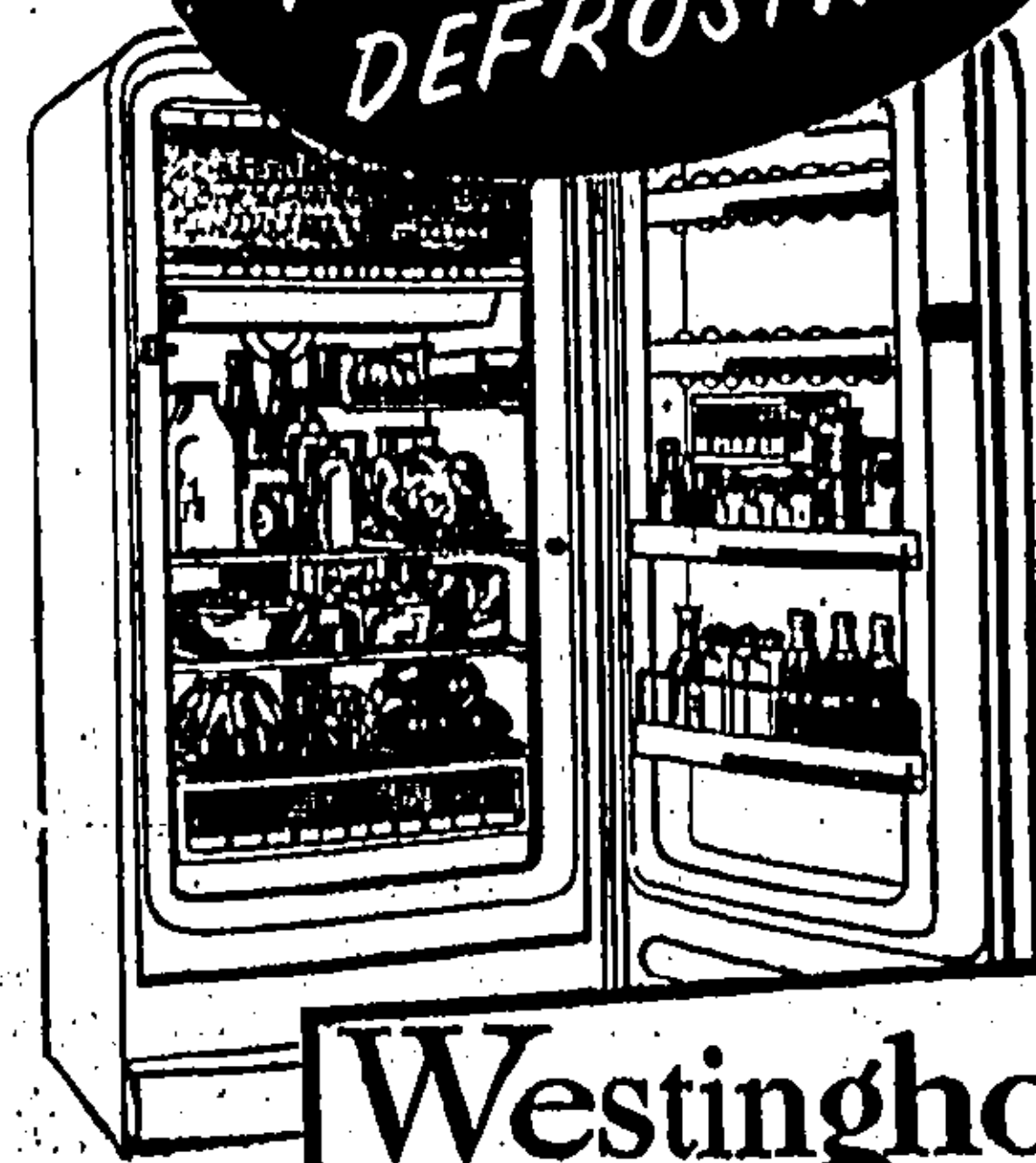


LEFT: Mr Law Yuen-shum, representative of Shoung Shui Village elders, welcoming the Director of Public Works, the Hon. T. L. Bowring before the latter officially declared open the new Sha Tong Dam. (Staff Photographer)



TROPHIES won by the shooting team of the 6 Composite Ordnance Depot were on view at a tiffin party on Wednesday at Kowloon Tong. Examining a prize is Brig. L. N. Cholmeley (right), Commander, Hongkong and Kowloon Garrison. On left is the Commanding Officer of 6 COD, Lt-Col. St G. J. S. Moore. (Staff Photographer)

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THE leader of the visiting Indian small-bore rifle team, Dr H. Banerjee, congratulating Mr Wong Bor of Hongkong on the Colony's success in the friendly competition which took place on Wednesday at the Gun Club. (Staff Photographer)

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Knit While You Relax

V-Necked Cardigan For A Little Girl

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. Munro-spun "Crimp" wool, 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles. 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS:

Chest 20 ins.
Length 10 ins.
Sleeve seam 14½ ins.

TENSION: 8 sts. to 1 in.

NOTE: To make a garment of the correct size the above tension should be maintained throughout. It is advisable to knit a small sample before beginning the garment and to use a size larger or smaller needle if the required tension cannot be obtained with the needles stated.

ABBREVIATIONS: K, knit; p, purl; st, stitch or stitches; in, inch or inches; foll, following; beg, beginning; rep, repeat; cont, continue; stst, stocking stitch; alt, alternate.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles cast on 104 sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to No. 11 needles and work in stst. Cont. until work measures 10 ins. from beginning.

Shape armholes: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows then dec. at both ends of next and every alt. row until 82 sts. remain. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 15½ ins. from beg.

Shape shoulders: Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

POCKETS

Cast on 22 sts. on No. 11 needles and work in stst. for 2 ins. Leave on a spare needle and work another pocket in the same way.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles cast on 57 sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 1½ ins. On next row make buttonhole thus:

Rib 4, cast off 2, rib to end. On foll. row cast on 2 sts. above these cast off on previous row.

Cont. until rib measures 1½ ins. ending at buttonhole edge. Next row: Rib 10, slip these 10 sts. on to a safety pin and leave for front border then work in stst. to end of row. Change to No. 11 needles.

Cont. to work in stst. until work measures 3½ ins. ending at front edge.

Next row: Work 12, cast off 22, work to end.

In the next row work the pocket sts. from spare needle in place of the cast off sts. in previous row.

Cont. in stst. until work measures 8½ ins. from beg. ending at front edge.

Shape Front: Work 2 tog. at beg. of next and every foll. 4th row and when work measures 10 ins. from beg. commence armhole shaping.

Shape Armhole: Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next row at armhole edge, then dec. at same edge on every alt. row 8 times. Cont. to dec. at front edge every 4th row but work without further shaping at armhole edge until 27 sts. remain.

Shaping until armhole measures same as back armhole.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off 9 sts. at armhole edge at beg. of next 3 alt. rows.

LEFT FRONT

Follow instructions as given for Right Front reversing all shapings and omitting buttonhole.

SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles cast on 54 sts. and work in k.1, p.1 rib for 2 ins.

Change to No. 11 needles and cast on 1½ ins. line at both ends of the 7th and every foll. 8th row until there are 80 sts. Cont. without further shaping until work measures 14½ ins.



How Many Glasses Of Water A Day?

By W. W. Bauer, M.D.

A BRIGHT young lad in a high school wrote to us at A.M.A. (American Medical Association) saying that he would like an answer to a question in order to end his confusion. He had read in a book pertaining to health that everyone ought to drink six glasses of water a day. In another book of the same subject, he read that everyone should have 10 glasses of water a day. So he went to his health teacher in the high school and asked how many glasses of water a day should a person drink. The reply was "Eight."

Adroitly putting us on the spot, he demanded to know which of these answers was correct. We suggested that he be guided by thirst. We were not trying to be funny but we really meant it seriously. For the normal person, thirst is a reliable guide to the amount of liquid he needs. This amount varies with conditions.

On a hot summer's day with activity such as tennis or golf, the individual will lose considerable fluid and he will need to replace it. In the winter, when the blood vessels in the skin contract, and there is little perspiration, the need for fluid is correspondingly less. There are also individual variations in the fluid requirement, and habit is no small influence, because some persons habitually drink a great deal of fluid while others do not.

THIRST SIGNAL

Is thirst always a signal that the body needs water? There are two theories about the causation of thirst. One, that thirst is due to local dryness of the throat; the other, that thirst is a manifestation of the drying out of the cells in the body as a whole. The two theories may actually be phases of the same one. Thirst is the body signal that it requires fluid.

The fluid should be estimated not in terms of water alone, but in terms of all the fluid that is taken including milk, tea, coffee, soups, soft drinks, other beverages, and also the character of the diet. A diet with many green leafy and fibrous vegetables and many fruits will contain a good deal more water than will a more concentrated one of meats and cheese.

The human body has been estimated to contain as much as 66 percent water. All the chemical processes by which the body maintains itself are carried on in solution, and water is a necessity of all times. Human beings in good condition can sustain themselves without food for weeks but they require water after only a few days. Water in the body is lost by breath, by the urine, and in the bowel discharges. It is taken in in the form of fluids and foods.

IMPORTANCE

Within the body itself, there is a constant interchange of water between the cells and the blood stream and the tissue fluids which bathe all the cells of all the tissues. Of all the substances upon which man is dependent, only oxygen is more important and more immediately necessary than water.

While thirst is a reliable guide for the normal person, it may also be a symptom of disease. Haemorrhage, diabetes, pleurisy and other disturbances may cause unusual thirst, but usually there are other symptoms too. Excessive thirst without obvious cause—such as a very salty meal—should be investigated if it is continuous or severe.

The old proverb that you can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make him drink is not strictly true, because if you deprive him of water before leading him to it you can make him drink. Man has the feeling of thirst to guide him to his need for fluid, and only this warning, if thirst becomes excessive and continuous, is a time for a medical examination.

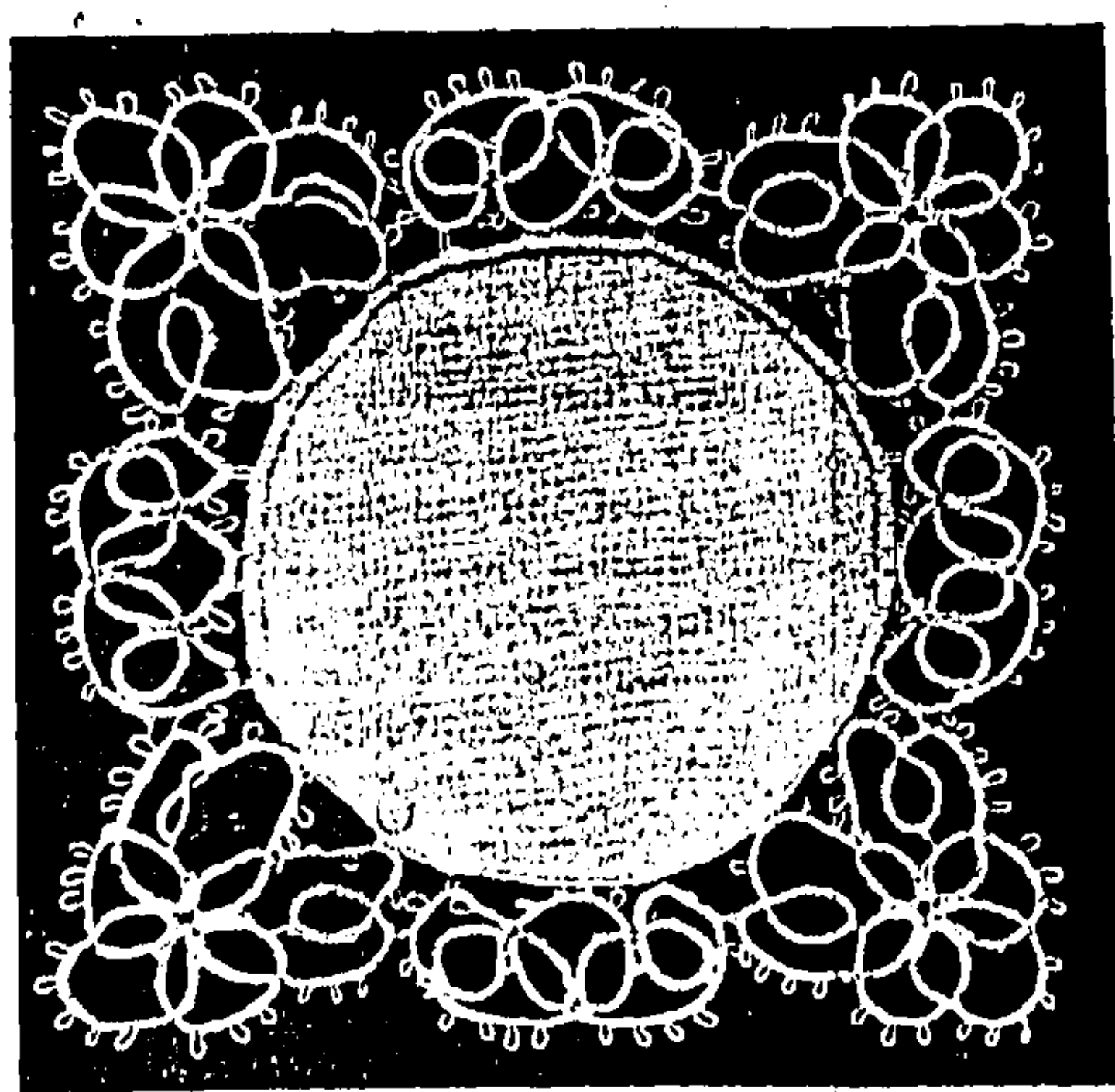
Household Hints

To add additional flavour to dessert pies, add vanilla extract to the water when making the pastry, using ¼ teaspoon for each cup of flour used.

Although raw foods should not be refrigerated and thawed, they can be cooked and then the cooked product frozen.

Get a better fit for a blouse by "slacking" around the neck and shoulders.

—ELANOR ROSS



TATTING GLASS DOILIES

MATERIALS: Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 40 (20 grm.), 1 ball selected colour. Millwards Tatting Shuttle.

MEASUREMENTS: 4½ in. (11.5 cm.) square.

ABBREVIATIONS: r—ring; ds—double stitch; cl—close; p—pleat; ch—chain; rw—reverse work; sep—separate; smp—small pleat; ln—large ring.

DIRECTIONS

Corner Motif

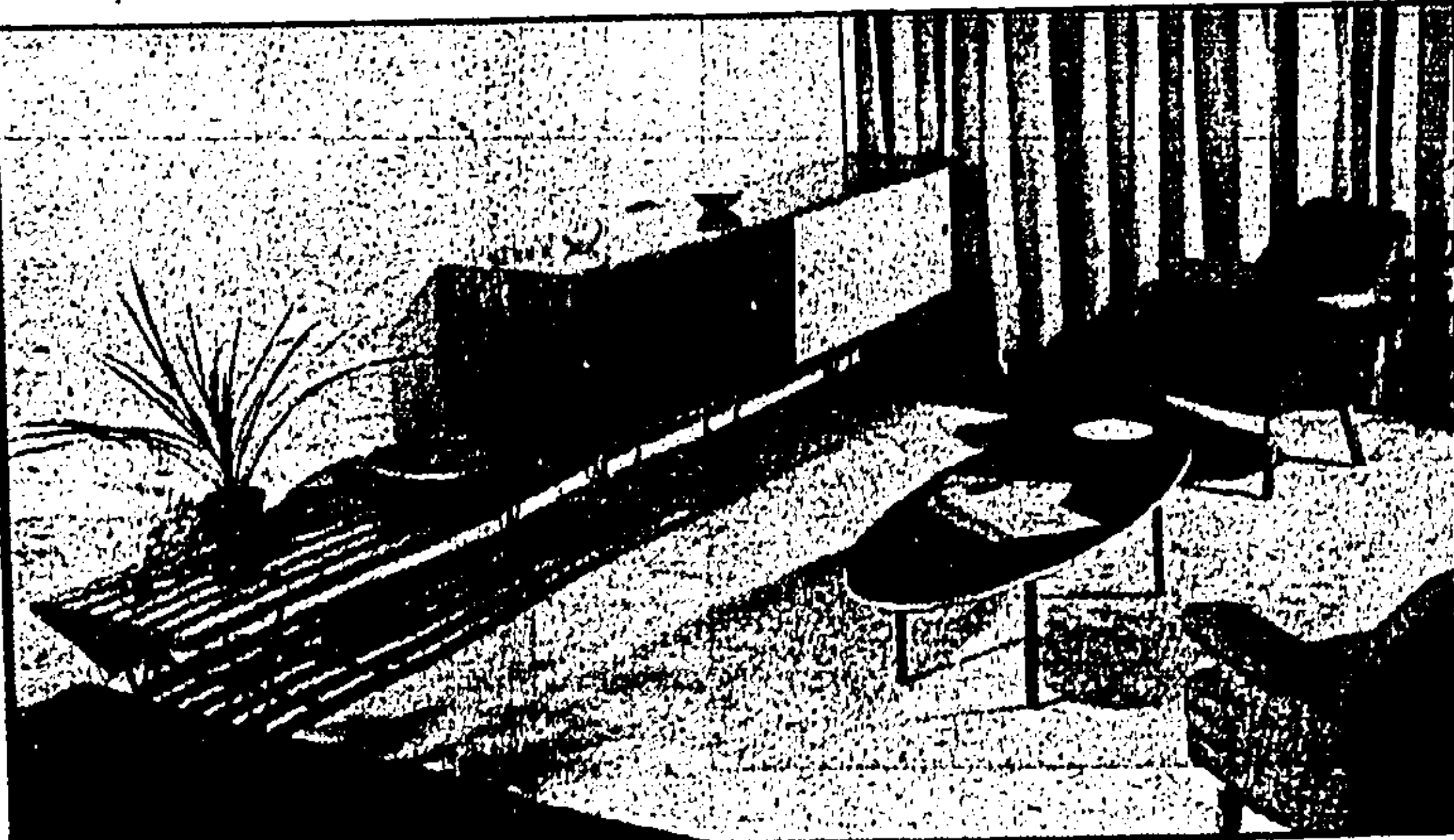
Tie ball and shuttle threads together. R of 10 ds, smp, 3 ds, p, 5 ds, smp, 10 ds, cl. R. of 5 ds, 3 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, R. of 17 ds, p, 17 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 5 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, R. of 7 ds, join to p of 17, 3 ds, join to 3rd p of r, 5 ds, join to centre p of smp of 5 ds, smp, 10 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 3 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, R. of 10 ds, join to smp of preceding r, 5 ds, join to centre p, 5 ds, smp, 10 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 5 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, R. of 10 ds, join to smp of preceding r, 5 ds, join to centre p, 5 ds, smp, 10 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 5 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, R. of 17 ds, join to last p of preceding r, 17 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 5 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, join to base of first r. Tie and cut.

Side Motif

Tie ball and shuttle threads together. R of 15 ds, smp, 10 ds, smp, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, join to second smp of preceding r, 10 ds, smp, 15 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 4 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, R. of 15 ds, join to p of preceding r, 10 ds, smp, 5 ds, cl. R of 5 ds, join to p of preceding r, 10 ds, smp, 15 ds, cl. R. of 4 ds, 5 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, join by shuttle thread to p between 2nd and 3rd rs. Ch of 4 ds, 4 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, join by shuttle thread to free p of first r. Ch of 4 ds, p, 4 ds, join to first p of second r. Ch of 4 ds, 4 ps sep by 4 ds, 4 ds, join to base of first r. Tie ends and cut.

Work Corner and Side Motifs alternately, joining them to correspond with first joining until 4 corners and 4 side motifs are made and joined to form a hollow square. Place lace on lines, draw a line lightly along inner edge of lace, having the line touch the pleats. Buttonhole Stitch along the outline, catching the touching pleats.

Cut away excess lace. Make other two in same manner. Trim and press.



Living room corner of the exhibition shows sofa with bent hairpin legs.

Modern Furnishing Exhibits

By DOROTHY BARKLEY

If you are thinking of coming to London this summer and are planning a shopping spree, you are in for a surprise—and a pleasant one. If you are coming to set up home in London and want advice on what to buy and where to buy it, don't worry—there's help on the way.

It is constructive help, in the form of a design centre, which has sprung up in the heart of the West End, near the main stores and hotels.

It is packed with everything needed to furnish a home—office—and each object has been hand-picked by a committee of experts. There is floor space for only a thousand exhibits, and the committee has decided that each one should be on show for at least one month, but not for more than three. The committee wants to encourage new design.

Every kind of kitchen equipment—including the sink—is on show. The discerning shopper can select a new model from a wide range of styles, from a simple, compact, probably not very costly, to produce—meant for the complete unit, priced about £80.



This up-to-date kitchen cabinet made of plywood and plastic was on show at the exhibition.

Since there is limited floor space, the committee has included a design index. This contains about eight thousand entries. It gives details and photographs of every imaginable piece of household equipment, usually provides a design reference, and lists the name of the designer.

Some of the good ideas were fascinating. I liked one sink, a modern, efficient, but unfortunately not to be put into the complete sink unit. It was a green, hand-painted, simple, compact, probably not very costly, to produce—meant for the complete unit, priced about £80.

Be Calm If Your Child Has A Tantrum

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

A TINY infant, who is well, never has arms and legs lax and straight. They are bent at the knee and elbow. If you try to straighten them, you will arouse anger in this youngster. Soon, too, you may observe a display of anger in the infant when he is cramped by your handling of him, while washing or dressing him.

Before many months, the baby may discover he can make you pick him up or feed him or carry him about almost any time he chooses. Denied his wishes, he will grow more angry, crying louder and slapping his arms and legs about more and more. The longer and harder he cries before he finally wins, the more he is rewarded for doing so.

His problems

As he begins to move about under his own steam, he faces other problems. He may be prevented from doing something or from taking some object he wants. The latter is one of the surest sources of tantrums. As fulfillment of his wishes is denied, delayed or eventually gratified, he easily learns to put on tantrums.

There is not much sense in punishing a child for being angry or crying. It is

rage, unless he is endangering himself, others or property. Without rewarding him then, act as if you are deaf, blind and dumb and with no feelings at all.

If he has held his breath and "passed out," his breathing will automatically return. A big dash of cold water in his face might hasten the recovery. In some instances, a whole painful might be better than a sprinkle. The secret is in the shock. But before applying this treatment, you should have your doctor's advice.

Reason with him later

Certainly, if you suspect convulsions you need the physician's help. He will probably have you keep a careful record of his spells of "passing out" to ascertain whether they always follow something which obviously angered him or come unexpectedly with no apparent provocation.

When your child 6, 10, or 14 files into a rage in your presence, don't lose your head and talk loud or ugly. The more serene you can be then the better. Some hours later you might be able to reason with him about the way he acted.

Many school-age children really want to control their temper. Talking calmly and calmly and reasonably, you might induce them to think about the way they act when in a tantrum, to consider when it is most likely to happen and to work out themselves beforehand for self-control.



"YOUNG MAN, IS THERE ANYTHING TO STOP THIS LIFT FROM SHOOTING THROUGH THE ROOF?"

"DU NO, MUM. I JUST PRESS THE BUTTONS."

UP, UP, UP.

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PETER RUSSO MEETS A PRINCE OF NEW JAPAN

MIKASA SHOCKS THE DIEHARDS

FOOL, coward, and double-crosser are some of the kinder terms being used by nostalgic Japanese militarists to describe His Imperial Highness Prince Mikasa, the youngest brother of the Emperor.

They hint also that a few short years ago, before Japan's unnecessary surrender in the Pacific war, the Prince would have been patriotically disposed of for the Imperial good.

This ferocious outburst, expressed in pamphlets and letters to the Japanese Press, follows the publication of Prince Mikasa's book, "Emperors, Graves, and People." The book itself is a scholarly research into ancient Oriental history, but it is not the main subject matter which is wakening so many of Japan's devotees of the old Imperial Way.

Significant document

His Highness also saw fit to add a chapter entitled "My Recollections," and it is this long and cool-searching epitome which has infuriated the traditionalists and made the book one of the most significant political and social documents of modern Japan.

I read the book, found it enthralling, and decided to take the Prince up on the challenge it contained. Trading on my

former associations with the Imperial universities of Japan, and my 25 years' friendship with Dr. Tatsunosuke Ueda, of the Imperial Academy, I invited the Prince to take pot luck with my wife and myself at our hotel.

A slight deviation is necessary here to recall the kind of Imperial protocol which once obtained. Before the war there was about as much chance of getting an Imperial Japanese prince into a public dining-room as there was of taking Tiber's Datal Luna on a round of Shanghai's nightclubs.

Rearguard action

The anemics of the Imperial Household, together with their administrative wardens, are still fighting a solid rearguard action against what they call the "democratic deterioration" of the Imperial rites.

They look with horror on the wicked modern necessity which new cables even lesser foreign diplomats to share members of the Imperial family on a pro rata basis, merely to get a bit of excited colour for their foolish diplomatic parties.

Prince Mikasa, on the other hand, does not co-operate in this necessary diplomatic evil, and seems to have gone completely round the democratic bend.

He has not only become a simple lecturer at Tokyo Women's University, but has said that he decided against renouncing his Imperial status in order to promote democracy by identifying at least his share of the clan with the mass of the people.

Women's lecturer

In reply to my invitation, Prince Mikasa said he would be at the hotel main entrance at 7.30, and he was there on the dot. He came alone, and we proceeded to the dining-room, where no special arrangements of any kind had been made.

Judging from the ultra deep bows of the head waiter and the startled glances of some of the Japanese diners, I assumed that the Prince's descent into democratic ways of eating was still having the effect of a social earthquake on many commoners.

The Prince ordered steak and a slice of onion for dessert, but

merely fiddled with a glass of sherry I had poured—he is accurately accused of not drinking or smoking and being accordingly devoted to his wife and numerous children.

Rather rudely, I fear, I began almost immediately to draw the Prince out on aspects of his book, which had not yet been commented upon in the Japanese or foreign language Press.

The cables had already picked up his book's more vigorous reflections on how he was compelled to join the Imperial Army, on the deep suspicions his attitude engendered among the militarist hierarchy, on his denunciation of Japan's "Holy War" as "an orgy of pillage, assault, arson, and rape."

What I was particularly interested in, however, was the order of precedence he himself gave to his "recollections," and the impact he felt they were having on the readers who were making his book Japan's most controversial best-seller. The Prince answered my questions with complete frankness, even those I predicated as being off the record.

Personal freedom

There is no doubt of the extent to which Mikasa was moved by the selfless, sacrificing Christian missionaries he met in the remote interior of China during his "holy wars." This was the type of missionary that told us in spite of hardship and privation, made no political capital out of the persecution it suffered, and left judgment of the sinners to a Higher Being.

It was to solve the riddle of these dedicated souls that Mikasa began his study of the origins of Christianity in ancient Oriental history. "What was it that inspired them to such sublime acts of humanity?" Mikasa asked himself, and he sought the answer in the Testaments and the prophetic cry for social justice.

The riddle was the more complex in that the allegedly Christian countries from which these true Christians came fervently slaughtered one another in the name of the same Christian God.

Another Chinese puzzle which urged Prince Mikasa on to deeper historical studies was the behaviour of the Eight Route Army (the Yunnan Campaigners), he believed, the important part the Chinese played in the 19th century

moral code and discipline should be studied in more precise historical terms and not solely as an exercise in political propaganda.

But the most enlightening part of this dinner and talk with Prince Mikasa (we went on for nearly three hours) was his underscoring of the possible danger signs in Japan's progress toward democracy. He expressed his own immense relief at the unprecedented large measure of personal freedom that came with the end of the war, and he used this comparison to assess trends in Japan.

Prince Mikasa believes (and nobody could know better) that the extent of Japanese "democratization" will be reflected in the kind of home life that his nephew, the Crown Prince, will be allowed to live in the near future.

If Prince Akihito, heir to the throne, is gradually hedged in and made to conform to the ancient ideas of Japan's popular democracy will also suffer.

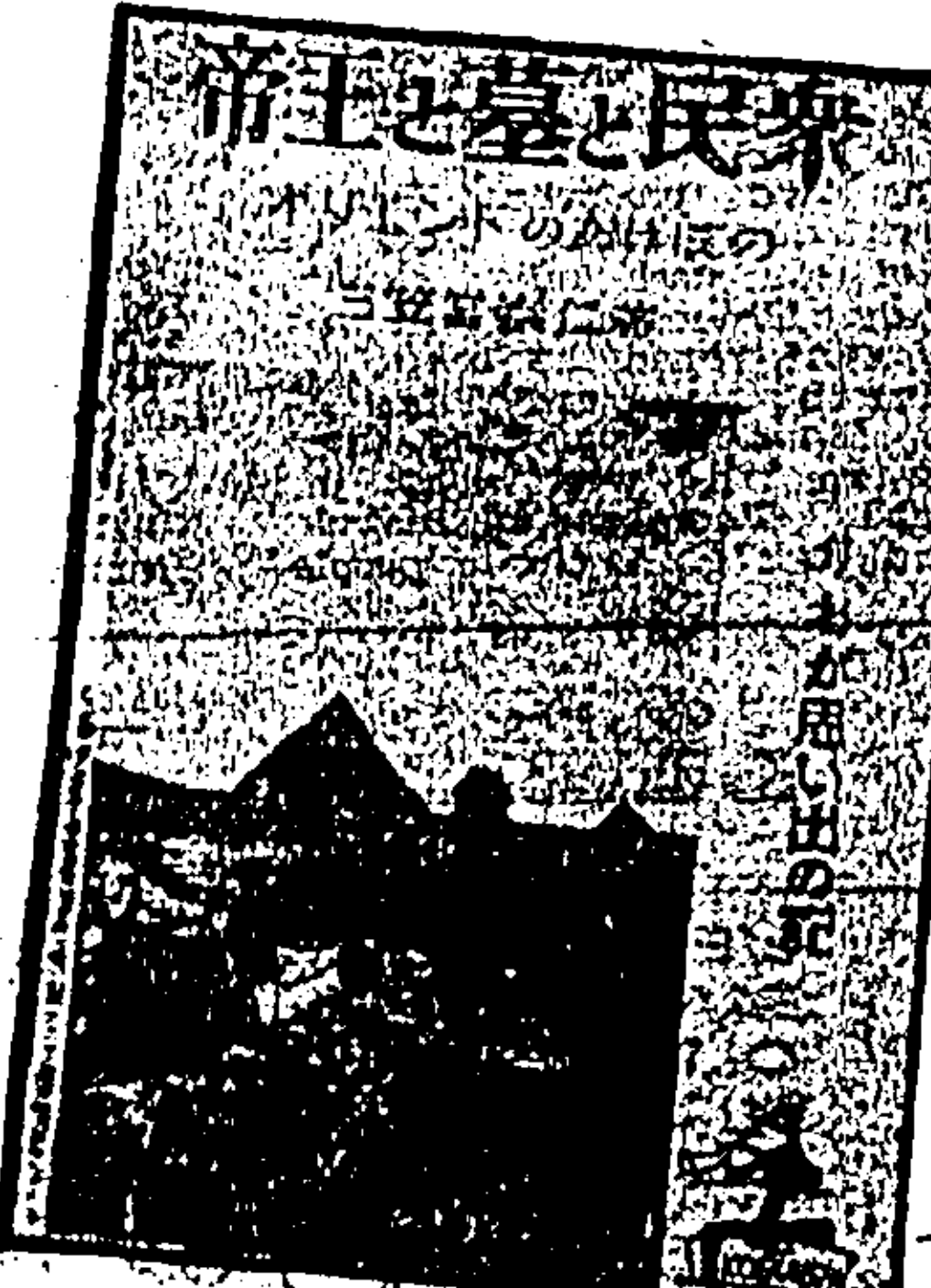
Ancients furious

The proof of Mikasa's dedication was found in the vicious reaction to his book by the old-time militarists. They understood that, until the Imperial Household again became a closed shop, there was little possibility of stifling the democratic nonsense that was threatening the revival of Japan's divine mission.

To this degree, Prince Mikasa becomes not only a "dangerous radical" in the eyes of the traditionalists, but also a rallying point for all who see in him a worthwhile Imperial reflection of the Japanese people. The ancients are the more furious in that Prince Mikasa's book has received overwhelming support, the letters for him flooding out the abuse, and denigrating the Japanese youth will not and cannot become a party to the conspiratorial Shinto creed of ancestral divinity.

As in the present democratic era, it is not the Japanese youth who are the danger, but the old-time militarists, who are the danger.

Dinner at Dr Russo's Tokyo hotel: (L. to r.) Peter Russo, his friend Dr Ueda, Prince Mikasa, Mrs Russo.



The book that has shaken Japan—and People. The Prince wrote: "The Prince Mikasa's 'Emperors, Graves, war was an orgy of pillage, assault, arson, and rape.'"

accident for Prince Mikasa, the elders are doing the next best thing.

The nicest people, cleverly coached without their knowing it, will repeat the fiction that Prince Mikasa is really an eccentric, whose head has been turned by too much exotic study of democratic filmfand and Christian superstition.

My own impression—and I went into this meeting with a mostly critical approach—is that Mikasa's eccentricity has been purely one of a genuine and amazing—breakaway from the most tightly Imperial routine since the days of the Pharos.

Foreigners here, especially the diplomats, are observing a rather embarrassed silence in relation to Prince Mikasa and this first blunt documentation of Japanese Imperialism from the inside. One gets the impression that we, too, feel the Imperial Prince has let down the good old side of blue blood and ordained privilege.

'Goodness, my wife

This young man (41) certainly has let it down in terms of domestic protocol. At about 10.30 of this memorable evening, Prince Mikasa glanced at his watch and almost left from his chair.

"Goodness," he said, "I have to pick up my wife at the cinema." And then, after a yawn, he was on his way, but more like an ordinary anxious husband, than an Imperial descendant of royal blood.

DON IDDON'S DIARY

I'd Rather Have A Scotch, Thanks

BEFORE I started on my round-the-world trip, which meant more than 40,000 miles of flying, I went to my doctor in New York.

I said: "You know I dislike flying, but this job has got to be done—can you give me something to calm me down mid make me tranquil?"

The doctor, who also dislikes flying, said: "You might try this new stuff, Milltown. Lots of Broadway and Hollywood actors swear by it and it seems just the thing for people who are in tense and demanding professions."

"I'll give you a prescription for 100, but I don't promise you'll get all those. There is a terrific demand for Milltown, far greater than the supply."

However, I got my 100 Milltowns from a chemist friend,

who handed them over for five dollars as if they were as rare as rubies.

Now that round-the-world trip is nearly over I find I have 80 Milltowns pills left. Through-out the long and strenuous journeys I took only three Milltowns—one in Fiji, one in Calcutta, and one in London.

Seventeen I gave away to jittery friends and travellers.

What is my report on this tranquillising pill which is being gobbled up by the hundreds of thousands of nervous Americans seeking "peace of mind."

A restrained one, a tranquil one. I am not among the big boosters of Milltown or the other mood pills which are making the druggists in the United States rich.

The pill tastes bitter, acts slowly and the action itself is mild and almost negligible.

Faith wavered

IN future, as in the past few weeks, when my faith in Milltown wavered I will settle for an aspirin and a whisky-and-soda.

Most doctors say that this new tranquillising pill is harmless. It is not habit-forming as the barbiturates are, it does not give a leaden hang-over feeling or make you drowsy, and no one yet has been known to die from an overdose of Milltown. It is available in Equanil, Thorazine, Spazine, Hesperlic, Bulbid, Fenquel and Pessal.

My advice is that you are better without Milltown or any of the anti-anxiety pills. But my advice is obviously not being taken by multitudes of Americans. Milltown is now the fourth largest selling prescription drug in the United States.

Doctors George Boines, of Wilmington, and Steven Horoschak, of Philadelphia, who tested a group of 30 jittery leech-clenching, foot-tapping, near-neurotic report remarkable results: "In every instance the patients showed great improvement."

The pill is named after the town of Milltown, in New Jersey, where it is manufactured. It is sometimes known as the "don't" give a damn pill because it is supposed to bestow confidence and self-reliance on the taker. It is a white tablet about the size of the old three-penny bit. It can be taken with water, orange juice, Scotch, gin, rum, brandy or anything handy.

'Great boon'

Dr Herman Salk, the brother of Dr Jones Salk, who developed the polio vaccine, has used one of the tranquillisers, Spazine, on a couple of animals, dangerous dogs and ferocious monkeys—and reports that he calmed them down with a couple of pills.

Other doctors have helped unfortunates suffering from delirium tremens.

For the mentally agitated the pills are described as a great boon, but for the ordinary man and woman who suffers from occasional tension and anxiety, for the man like myself who regards without relish spending 20 hours or more in an aeroplane or appearing before a broadcasting microphone or television camera, I rate the pill a dud.

Possibly its effect is to make one a little reckless, put one in a don't give a damn mood.

The stuff didn't slow me down, but I believe made me talk faster, and I am inclined to talk quickly on most occasions.

A British doctor whom I've known for years said to me: "I think they are too new to be proved."

Another London doctor said: "The pill has a different effect on different people. It calms some and makes the brain of others race. Stick to aspirin or Dramamine if you have to take something on long flights."

'Take care'

MILLTOWN and the others are chemo-mimetic derivatives of reserpine, drugs, and you will have to get your doctor to explain that for you. They affect the central nervous system and relax the muscles, which may or may not be a good thing.

Despite the rage and craze for the tranquilliser in the United States and the alleged harmlessness of the pill, my advice is to take care. My advice is to take a little whisky-and-soda, a little aspirin, and a little faith. (Continued)

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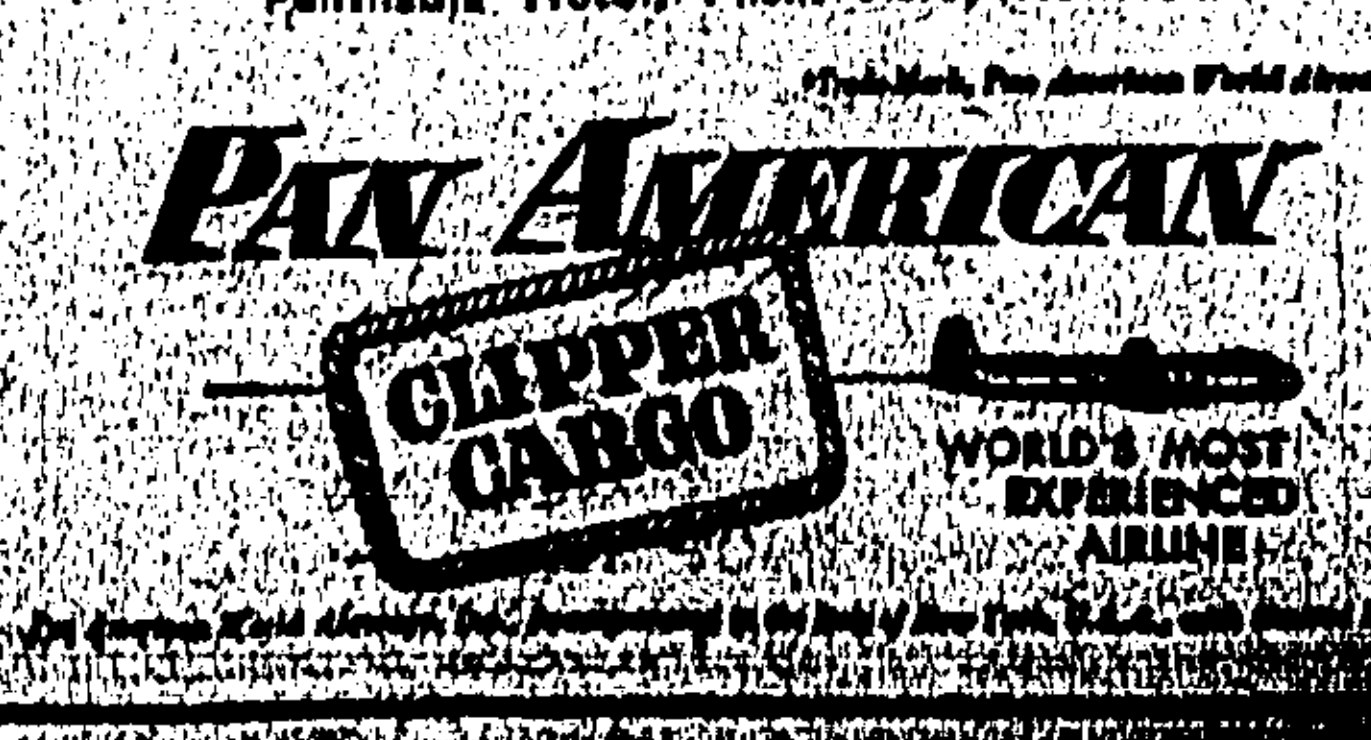
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POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER





CYRIL STAPLETON'S Column

Buster? The Name Is Now Liberace

LIBERACE has a secret. The slithering showman of the piano was not always known so elegantly as Mr Liberace.

Today he does not talk about the time when he was known rather differently as... Buster Keyes. For then he used to do an act around the supper clubs of America.

sales look at this. Ruby Murray had a big hit in "Softly, Softly," which sold nearly half a million records.

SLIM SELLS MORE

DAVID WHITFIELD had a similar sale with his "Everywhere." But when Slim Whitman recorded "Rose Marie" you bought 750,000 copies of that.

The British writer of "Softly, Softly" is Paddy Roberts, a six foot ex-bomber pilot. His other numbers include "Three Gallons" and "Pickin' a Chicken." What does he say about the chances of the amateur crashing into big music sales?

Just this: "You can't be a song writer and an accountant or something at the same time."

So you see the amateur is not usually good enough. In fact, bandleader Lou Preager, who ran the "Write a Tune for £1,000" competition at the Hammer Smith Palms tells me the song "Crushing Down the River" was the only hit out of 73,852 entries.

LOOK, NO CHANCE

IVE been getting letters from all the amateur would-be Cole Porters accusing me of being—among other things—one of the Morons of Tin Pan Alley. All because I said that the song-writing efforts of most of these amateurs are childish.

"So you and your music-publishing friends won't give British song-writers a chance," say the letter-writers. They're wrong. It is not the professionals who don't give British songs a chance—it is the public.

I have done some checking on the top ten records during the past year, awarding points for them as to the period of their stay in the top ten.

Ten points for a No. 1; nine points for No. 2 and so on down. And during the year it toughly works out like this: American numbers get 59 percent of the placings—and British get 41 percent.

So you see which songs record buyers prefer. And on actual

A music publisher friend of mine says: "Amateur or professional, I prefer to publish a British song. Why? Because I don't have to split my profits with anyone else, and therefore I can make three or four times as much."

So don't forget Tin Pan Alley is not against British song writers. It is you, the record buyers, who seem to prefer American—and sometimes I'm horrified at your taste.

LOOK, NO WORDS

AFTER Philip Green, the man who writes more film music than any other, British composer, had read the script of a film which was to be shot in Ireland, he turned to the producer and said: "What this film needs for background music is a Gob Band."

The two producers, Basil Oakland and Albert Wynn, looked at each other and said: "I'm not mad," said Philip. "A Gob Band is something they have on the west coast of Ireland. There are no instruments, just six or seven people

sitting on a stage clapping their hands and singing songs. They don't even have words for the songs, just syllables."

Messrs. B and A tried to imagine what this instrumentless, wordless orchestra would do to their film. They were not very optimistic but they let Phil have his own way.

The results you can judge for yourself if you listen to the sound track of the March Hare on Orlo records. Billy Cotton has also recorded the wordless title song on Decca. It sounds like a hit to me.

CARL'S BACK

CARL "Blue Suede Shoes" PERKINS has just come out of hospital. His car collided with a truck while he was on his way to appear on the Perry Como television show.

The truck driver was killed, but Carl escaped with slight injuries to the spine.

He is now back in circulation and hopes that his "Blue Suede Shoes" are going to walk him to the top of the British Hit Parade. It is in the Top Twenty again this week.

THE TOP TEN

RONNIE Hilton's "No Other Love" still heads the Hit Parade. But away from top place there are big changes.

1 "NO OTHER LOVE," Ronnie Hilton (H.M.V.)

2 "LOST JOHN/STEWBALL," Lonnie Donegan (Nixa)

3 "I'LL BE HOME," Pat Boone (London)

4 "A TEAR FELL," Teresa Brewer (Vogue-Coral)

5 "HEARTBREAK HOTEL," Elvis Presley (H.M.V.)

6 "POOR PEOPLE OF PARIS," Winifred Atwell (Decca)

7 "MY SEPTEMBER LOVE," David Whitfield (Decca)

8 "FROM A BUSH BY A WALK," Kay Starr (H.M.V.)

9 "THE HAPPY WHISTLE," Don Robertson (Capitol)

10 "SAINTS ROCK AND ROLL," Bill Haley Comets (Brunswick)

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



How To Best-sell 26,000,000 Books

HE never failed for a plot... he never let his readers down.

It is more than 80 years since Nat Gould died, leaving 180 racing romances that had sold 25,000,000. And he still sells spectacularly. For this week the news is that a further million of his books came into print. How many living authors, I wonder, have achieved a record like this?

One of the new batch is a marvelous story called **QUEEN OF THE TURF** (John Long, 1s.). Why will it sell?

Because it is a good story. No other book published this week has a story as good as this.

Listen, while I tell you. It is all about a dastardly cad. Against Paul Crank (Wrong) is beautiful Sybil Romney (Right). Paul wronged her mother and pushed a man who befriended her under a bus. So she is determined to tell him.

HIS BEST BET HE came to name Damask, the Durly hope, by hiring a local poncher to stretch a length of chain across one of the gallops.

All comes right in the end. Damask also wins the Oaks and the Ascot Gold Cup and so becomes Queen of the Turf.

That's a pretty good story. Paul Crank's mother marries a man who pushes a man who befriended her under a bus. I'm sure I loved you from the moment I saw you.

Dear Nat Gould. Like Shakespeare he never blotted a



By NANCY SPAIN

line never rewrote a word, never touched a typewriter. He was born in Manchester in 1857, died aged 82, leaving 27,787.

He once wrote a novel in 14 days. His last bet was on New-haven II in 1899 when the horse won at 7-1. So Nat Gould gave up gambling. Said he: "My bets are my novels."

How right he was. And how right the public are who tap up this lovely wholesome stuff. Said Gould: "The public are generous... If you strive to please them they will ever stick to you... They are loyal to the backbone."

A pity that some of our more precious writers who proudly remark that they write only to please themselves don't take a look at Nat Gould's wonderful record.

OLD CHARTREUSE CAN one have too much charm? I can never have too many strawberries, or too much cream, or asparagus.

But is there a moment when, charming writing lover? Consider **FATHER SETS THE PACE** (Gollancz, 13s. 6d.) by

Gontran de Poncins. "Father" was Monsieur le Vicomte, the last of the French dandies.

He always dressed according to the weather. If it was a grey day Father wore grey. He had 24 grey outfits, ranging through herringbone and pin stripes to small checks.

His dressing room was 20ft. by 20ft. and two of the walls were tiled with cloth. But only clothes for that particular season. "He had trunks full elsewhere."

Father ordered a dozen new suits each year, a dozen pairs of shoes to go with them. Those were the days when men wore top hats. Father had dozens. A man did nothing else but polish them for him, using a velvet cushion.

As Father said: "Elegance lies in not being conspicuous. Showiness is for lops."

When Father wrote a letter, too, had to be perfect. The paper had to be very thick, the pen had to be a little... He liked to hear himself write.

When Father went riding (and horses were the passion of his life) William, his groom, picked three identical pinkies; one for Father, one for William, one for the mare's headband.

This exquisites Father was difficult to live with. His wife, when allowed to ride a bicycle (bicycles were for postmen),

Father's friends were just as surprising. For example, there was the Vicomte de V... who made his woodcocks a greater delicacy for the table by injecting them as soon as he shot them with a hypodermic syringe full of old brandy.

Father told when France fell in the Second World War. "A serpent," commanded the chateau and Father's heart broke. He died still asking for a special vest and a special hair cream that had been left in Paris, with the Germans.

FANTASTIC THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) is Honor Thorne's third book. It is a collection of short stories, which is as much a part of the Irish way of life as the Irish Hospitality and The Irish Charm.

A sad English scholar agrees to write an article on Quilted Irish Customs because the journalist who should do this is drunk. He sees some nuns leaping bonfires on Midsummer's Eve. He writes about this assisted by the local lawyer.

So the local canon (also assisted by the same lawyer) brings a suit against the newspaper and the unfortunate writer. It is a good old Irish time is had by one and all.

Fantasy though you may think it, it reads terribly like the Good Old Irish Truth to me.

DRIVE IN PUT I must say I am also getting very fond of those brainy, cozy American real life stories that read so much more easily than most fiction.

The latest is **GRAND MOTEL** by William and Marjorie Brand (Rick and Cowen, 12s. 6d.) which tells how the McCabe Rick and "Kid" his wife-friend of a Hollywood where they can't sell scripts so manage a motel. (A motel is a drive-in hotel for motorists.)

This one is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Boatwright, otherwise Mayme and Paul, pioneering characters, both of them. Mayme has a good suit, black and high-heeled shoes. Paul is just a drunk.

Rick and Kid hate it all to begin with. But in the end they get really fond of Mayme and Paul and when they leave (to manage a "big" place in Arizona) Mayme says to Rick: "You know, I love you both."

God bless you.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Summer Visitors

BY HARRY WEINERT



"G'MORNING," SHE CHIRPS GAYLY—EXPECTING HER BREAKFAST WHEN SHE ROLLS OUT OF BED AT ELEVEN A.M.



"HEY! WHEN DO WE EAT?"

THE NEPHEW WHO GIVES THE VELVET RUGS THE WET BATHING SUIT TREATMENT.



"WELL, WELL! SAME OLD PLACE!"

THE VISITOR WHO ARRIVES WITH A LOAD OF NEW LUGGAGE AND NOTICES THAT EVERYTHING IS JUST THE SAME—SAME OLD WALLPAPER, SAME OLD RUGS, SAME OLD CHAIRS, SAME OLD EVERYTHING.



"IT'S A JOY TO SIT DOWN AT A TABLE WHERE ANYTHING GOES AND YOU CAN DUNK WITHOUT EVERYONE STARING AT YOU."

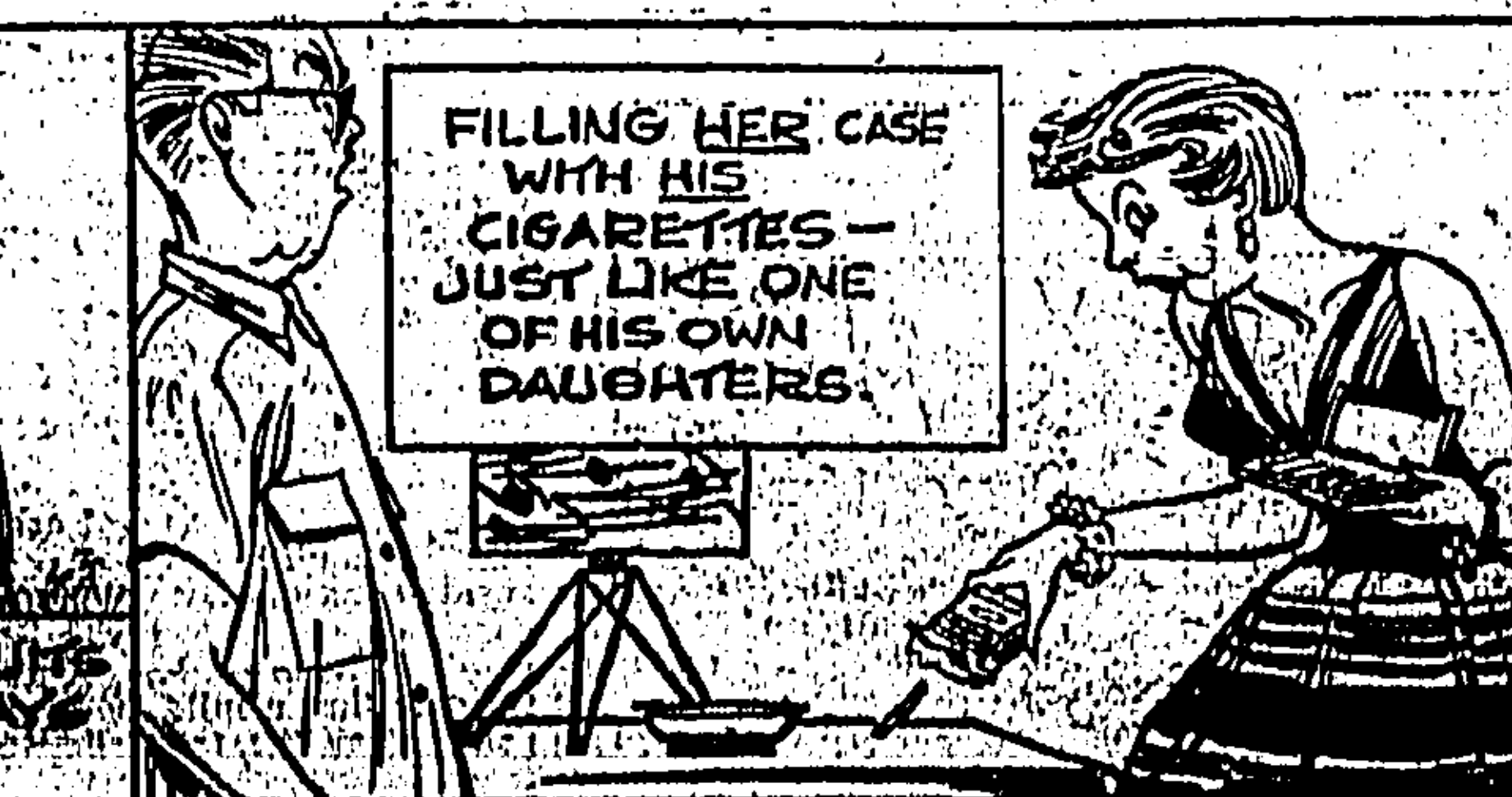
JUST LIKE ONE OF THE FAMILY



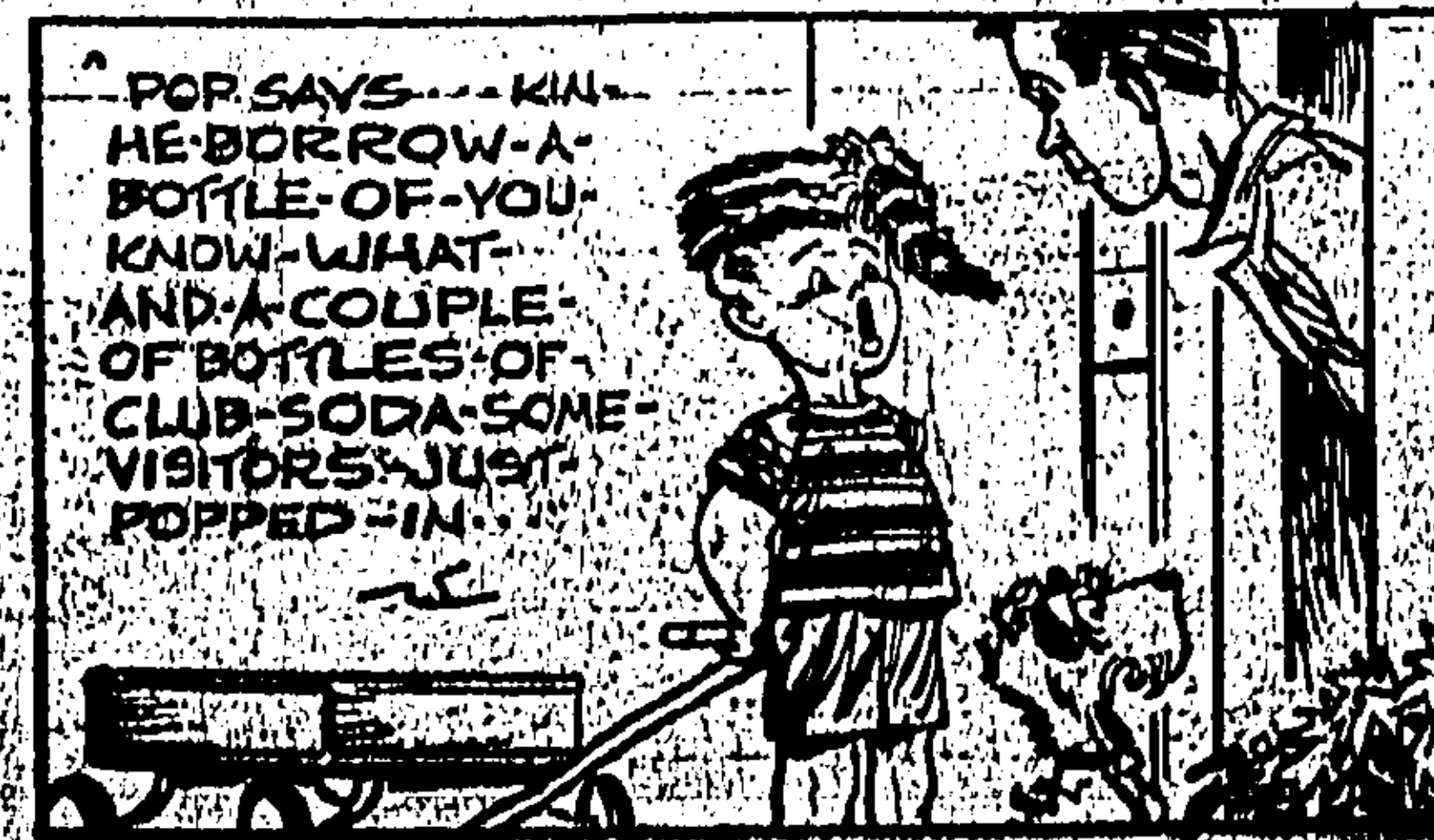
THEY JUST CAN'T SEE ASH TRAYS.



THE GUESTS BRING 'GOLF CLOTHES, SWIM SUITS AND DRESSING UP TOGS—BUT THEY ALWAYS FORGET THEIR LAWN-MOWING OUTFITS.



FILLING HER CASE WITH HIS CIGARETTES—JUST LIKE ONE OF HIS OWN DAUGHTERS.



"POP SAYS—KID—HE BORROW-A BOTTLE-OF-YOU-KNOW-WHAT—AND-A COUPLE-OF BOTTLES-OF CLUB-SODA-SOME VISITORS JUST POPPED-IN."

Reviews To Be Broadcast Nightly Of Festival Films

RAILOWSKY (piano)
Sonatas (Chopin)

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LEAGUE BOWLS

SPOTLIGHT THIS WEEK ON THE TWO IRC TEAMS IN THE FIRST DIVISION

By "TOUCHER"

As the Lawn Bowls League enters its sixth week this afternoon, the spotlight shifts to the two Indian Recreation Club teams in the First Division and the crucial tilt between Craigenower and the Hongkong Police Sports Association in the Third Division.

Whether or not defending First Division Champions Recoio will be able to repeat their success of the last two years of overcoming early season lapses and eventually finishing up as Champions will largely depend on the outcome of their match against IRC "Blues" this afternoon.

With both teams well in the running for the Championship honours, an extremely keen tussle is expected. The fact that nothing short of maximum points will allow either team to stay within striking distance of League-leading Craigenower should contribute to enlivening the proceedings.

CLOSER CONTENTERS

Although the Recoio bowlers have dropped 8½ points in four

matches as compared to the Indians' four points, they are closer contenders to Craigenower than the Indians as the latter still have to face KCC and KBGC in first round games while Recoio have only KCC to contend with.

The IRC "Blues" are fielding the same team that blasted Filipino Club by 5-0 last week, while Recoio will show only one positional change. Jackie

Noronha takes over the skip's role from Connie Pereira, who will revert to the No. 3 position. On current form this change seems to be for the better for the Recoio squad.

With due respect to the Indian bowlers, who must admit that they are a much weaker team than they were in previous years, and in spite of their ability to take one point from Craigenower as compared to Recoio's 0-5 blankout, I think they will have to bowl really well this afternoon to be able to snatch even one point from this match.

To the valiant "Davids", Indian Recreation Club "Gold", will be entrusted the mammoth task of stopping the winning streak of their "Goliath" opponents, Craigenower.

After the final display put up by the "Gold" last week against the KBGC, I do not think that they will provide as easy meat for Craigenower as the potential champions might expect.

IF ONLY

If only the IRC "Gold" bowlers will remember that the Craigenower green is very much heavier than their own, and if only they can curb their exuberance and forget all tricky and spectacular shots but just draw and draw to the Jack, they may yet succeed where five years of greater repute have failed in handing Craigenower their first defeat of the season, and earn for themselves the honour of being the team of the week and even of the season.

For KCC, who will be guests of the Filipino Club at King's Park, the task will not be as much to win the match as to collect maximum points.

At Austin Road, Talkoo will be given an opportunity of making up for their gallant failure last week against Craigenower. If they play as well as they did last week, they have a very good chance of fully extending the Kowloon Bowling Green Club if not of winning by a 3-2 margin.

SECOND DIVISION

The Second Division games will see the two unbeaten teams, Kowloon Dock "Blue" and Recoio, further consolidate their leading positions. The Dockmen will have no difficulty in taking five points from the Filipino Club and Recoio can expect to do the same against Prison Officers' Club.

The best match in this division will be that between the Hongkong Football Club and KCC at the Valley. Both teams are about even in strength, with the Football Club holding the slight advantage of playing on a home green.

Craigenower will start as favourites for a 4-1 win against Police Recreation Club and in the remaining Second Division game Kowloon Dock "White" will be given a good opportunity of breaking the "duck" against the Hongkong Cricket Club should they catch the cricketers on an off-day.

THIRD DIVISION

The Third Division games will be highlighted by the crucial tussle between the League-leading Craigenower and second-placed Hongkong Police Sports Association. Whether they were taking things too easily or whether it was just a form of handicap to other teams, the HKPSA, with no fewer than six of last year's First Division bowlers, started the season by suffering two defeats.

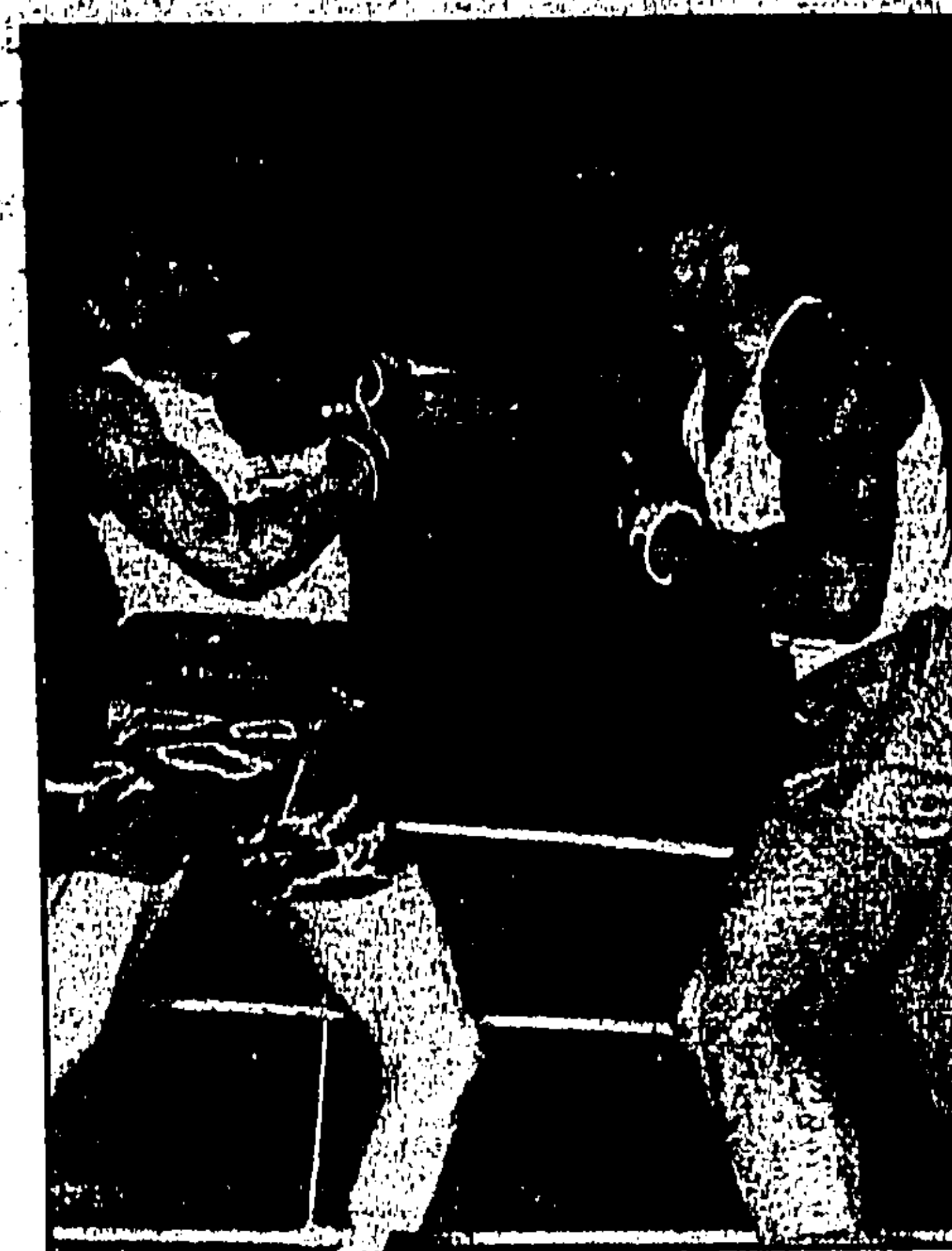
Since then, however, they have come back with a vengeance and at the end of this afternoon's match will probably jump up to the top of the League table to stay there until the season ends.

On a heavy green five points look likely for them but on a lighter green they may possibly drop one point.

Two other close contenders, Hongkong Football Club and Kowloon Bowling Green Club, will also be given stern opposition this afternoon. Playing at home, the footballers will find their game against Filipino Club a tough one and go after with the Filipino bowlers enjoying slight odds.

Under their game is badly affected by the green the Kowloon Bowling Green Club thirds have a good chance of climbing up into second position in the League table with a 4-0 win

ONE OF THE MANY PUNCHES



Combined Services beat the London Amateur Boxing Association by seven bouts to six at Royal Albert Hall on May 29. In picture, J. Barnes (left) representing the LABA receives one of many hard punches during his Light-Welterweight battle with Pte. J. Jacobs of the Army. Jacobs won on points.

DAI DOWER VIRTUALLY CERTAIN

TO BE NEXT ON MARTIN'S LIST OF CHALLENGERS

Dai Dower, British and Empire Flyweight Champion, is planning a fight a month programme until the end of August when he aims to be in peak fitness for a title bout against European Champion Young Martin of Spain. Dower is virtually certain to be next on Martin's list of challengers.

Harry Bentley, for 32 years a top boxing referee, has resigned his licence over "a matter of principle." Mr Bentley, who represented Ben Green before the Boxing Board stewards when they held an inquiry into the Cavilan-Waterman fight decision, opposed an amendment, at last week's annual meeting of the Board, which alters the rota system of selecting referees to control fights.

Jimmy Guthrie, Chairman of the Footballers' Union, is angry with the clubs of the Football League who turned down a proposal to raise the bonus money for a win and a draw. The proposal, made by the League's Management Committee, was defeated because it failed to get the necessary two-thirds majority. Says Guthrie: "How can one negotiate in this

fashion? The Union makes concessions in return for promises from the clubs. Then the clubs refuse to back the Committee. We just get nowhere fast."

MINOR LEAGUE GAMES

Mervyn Griffiths, who because of his age (47) has been taken off the Football League list, has turned down an offer to take over the school for referees run by the Uruguayan Football Federation. Only Welsh and Minor League games are open to this Mervyn schoolmaster, although he can still take charge of internationals if required.

Sid O'Linn, Charlton Athletic's South African wing, has accepted an invitation to sign for Connell's Roverside club, as cricket professional. O'Linn had a season with Whitburn in the Durham Senior League. In 1951 he joined Kent and the following year scored over 1,000 runs, including a valuable century against Surrey at the Oval.

Eddie Firmani, the former Charlton inside-forward who was transferred to Sampdoria, the Italian club, for £35,000, has just finished his first season in Italian football. Says Firmani, who collected £2,600 in bonuses over the year, as well as the £25,000 he received for signing: "It's been hard going. I wasn't used to the Italian way of playing, and I haven't played centre-forward before. But now we've got to know each other, we get along fine."

POOR REWARD

Tonyrefall Cricket Club Chairman, Mervyn Griffiths, has served the club and the game in South Wales for 21 years. He decided to retire, and to mark the occasion he captained a scratch side against Tonyrefall. With what result? His pals bowled him for a "duck."

LOOKING BACK OVER THE SEASON THERE ARE...

SEVERAL SALIENT FEATURES WHICH STRIKE THE SERIOUS STUDENT OF HK SOCCER

By I. M. McTAVISH

With the season's honours won and the wooden spoons duly distributed it is time to bring down the curtain on Hongkong's 1955-56 contribution to the soccer record books.

However, like those who go to the theatre it is probably a good thing to have a final glance back at what we saw, form magnificent mental plans of how we would change things for the better if only we had the power, and finally — after due deliberation — decide to leave important decisions to those who have to accept the consequences of their 'wisdom'.

While these fanciful deliberations are harmless enough they are necessary to constructive thought and, after all, the mental paths we tread so easily are often the roads to worthwhile and productive ideas.

Looking back over the season there are several salient features which must strike the serious student of Hongkong football. One of these was the commendable try by South China to make good the ravages of departures and injuries which slashed their brilliant 1954-55 side to ribbons.

They came within a solitary point of retaining their Championships title and many are the moments of bitter remorse that must have been endured at Caroline Hill when their sensational late defeat by Sing Tao was weighed in the balance of the final League reckoning.

THEIR BRAVE TRY

There was much to admire about their brave try to stay on top and the only blemish was the fact that once or twice some of their players in their enthusiasm allowed their conduct to slip below the standard one expected from this grand club.

KMB were a great disappointment and they will want to forget their early season performances as quickly as they possibly can. The side certainly pulled together much better in the later stages of the League programme, but they lost many friends by their robust efforts against South China in the final of the Stanley Shield.

Sing Tao never lived up to expectations. Their fast and clever young forwards often failed to get the extra goals to offset the shortcomings of a defence that was frequently beaten for speed.

Nevertheless, this is one side which can face the future with much more confidence than many of their opponents. The team needs only a change or two to make it one of the best in the Colony... and if rumours are indications of things to come then vital changes may well be effected.

On the other side of the scale Club St. Joseph's must surely face the future with no more confidence than they can look back with satisfaction on the season just finished. Their best playing records are unimpressive and their playing resources are almost threadbare.

A great effort is needed to restore these two old clubs to their former glory and with the possibility of promotion and relegation being introduced next season the need is as vital as it is urgent.

Theoretically at least the Saints are in the more favourable position. They have a wider field of choice, but there are many difficulties in the way. The impending of established players from Macao has not proved to be the success that was expected and for many reasons the club may be forced to discontinue the idea... on the other hand it may be the only way to foster salvation for the Saints.

GRAVE ANXIETY

The Club position is one that must be causing grave anxiety to their committee. Their potential field of talent is very restricted and the sad truth is that promising young players are no longer coming to the Colony in the required numbers.

The loss during last season of men like Taylor, Paton, Falconer and Keane was a sad blow for suitable replacements were hard to find.

Many services found their way into the Club side and while that may prove to be a palliative measure again next season it is no solution to the

Club's basic problem. Particularly as short-term National Servicemen spend only a brief period in the Colony.

It is difficult to suggest any real and lasting solution but the fact that many of the veteran players who so sportingly donated their famous blue and white shirt to make up the team must be giving serious thought to hanging up their boots makes the situation all the more complicated.

Everyone who has the good of the game at heart will hope that the Club officials can find a satisfactory answer to their perplexing problem: a powerful, influential club side is a vital necessity to Hongkong football.

A special word of praise must go to the Royal Navy who in spite of all their difficulties managed to keep their head above water. There is not the slightest doubt that there is a special affection for the sailors in the Colony and their many courageous shows this season did nothing but add to that feeling. One can only hope that the swing of the very fickle Services scales will tip a few top class players into the side for next season. They are due a real break.

DISAPPOINTING SEASON

From an Army point of view, it was a disappointing season. Many of the experienced players who arrived in the Colony prior to the start of the League programme failed to adapt themselves quickly enough to local conditions. Vital points were lost while they orientated themselves and although the side had a most impressive run in mid-season it never made up the ground lost earlier on.

There is one interesting point about this... and I have seen it reflected over several seasons. Good young players who come from the United Kingdom sadly underestimate the class of the Chinese footballer. They take all the pre-season warnings with a sort of "We'll show them" attitude and the result is that when they are the ones who get the run-around their confidence suffers a nose-dive.

It is a fact that as far as the Army and the Royal Air Force teams are concerned this has been a noticeable feature of recent years. It is significant too that both of these teams generally play better around the middle of the season... but then—being quite fair—one can realise that it takes a young player some time to recover from the soul destroying early season experience of countering the top speed wiles of men like Mok Chun-wah, Ho Cheung-yau and Yiu Cheuk-yeung.

One well-known Services player who had to do it in one of his first matches in the Colony said recently that he frequently has nightmares about it even now. I have already congratulated Eastern on their double success and there is really little more to say about them. They have problems ahead but the enterprise which collected this season's eleven together should keep them in the forefront next season.

Of the other sides Police were probably the main disappointment. With many fine players in their line-up, they promised big things. However, weaknesses in vital positions pulled the team down to very ordinary levels... but three or four changes would lift them right up among the leaders.

OUR EXCURSIONS

Our excursions into international football against visitors from various parts of the world were hardly impressive. In fact it was not nearly as impressive as it should have been... and indeed might have been. Already we are looking

for new international opponents for next season and one can but hope that our chosen players will accept the real spirit of challenge in these matches and 'fight' every inch of the way for victory.

...and so soccer rests until September. As a finishing thought it was nice to hear that at least I finished the season in agreement with, and on the same side of the fence as the Sports Cavalcaders... it just shows you, there is something in the old story of Bruce and the Spider.... but....

...I find it hard to decide whether I'm Bruce OR the spider.... Letters on this subject are taboo for the good reason that this season is now over. Sharing the Saturday Soccer Spot with all of you has been a privilege indeed... a privilege I have enjoyed to the full... I hope you did so too....

SPORTS QUIZ

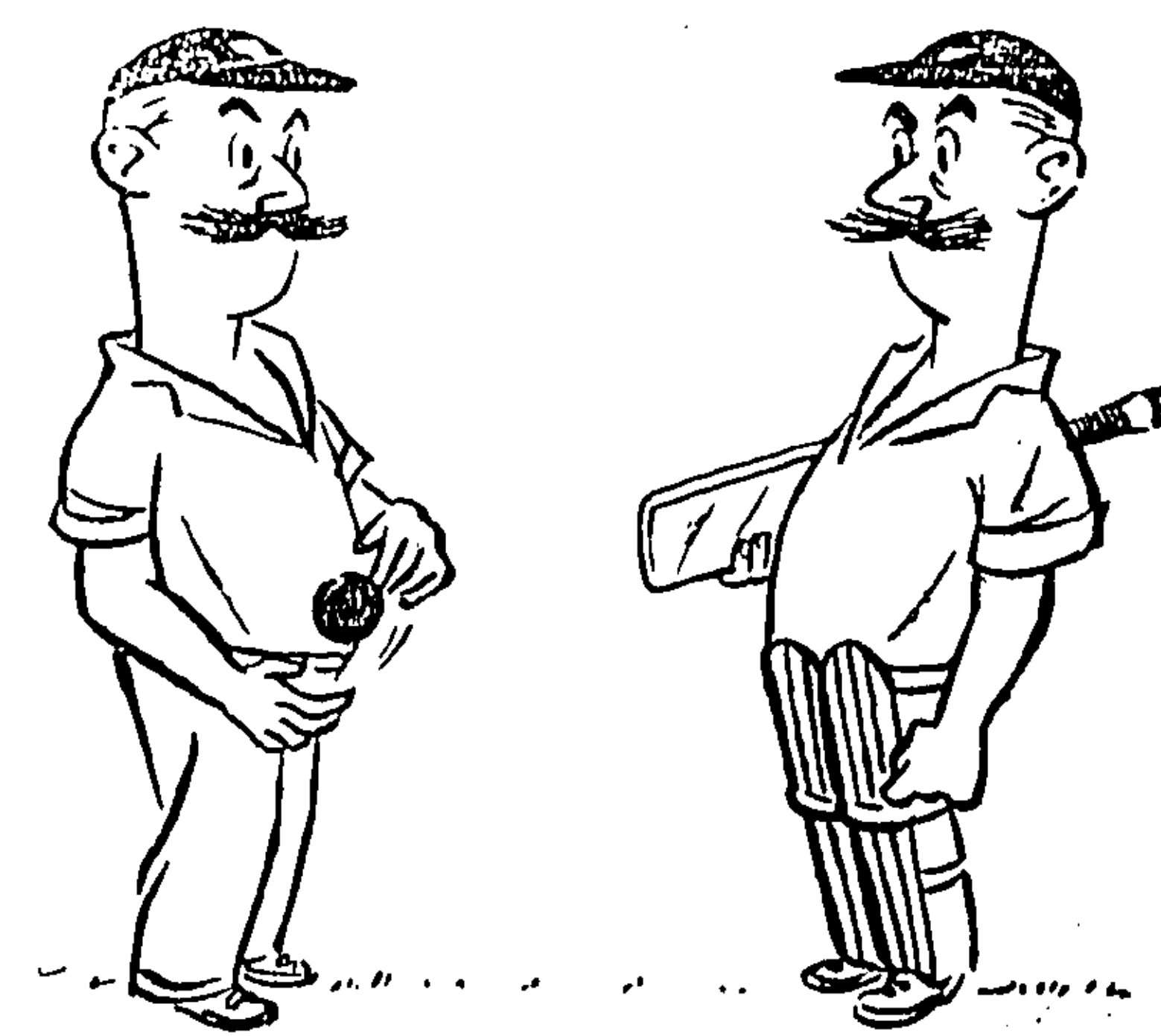
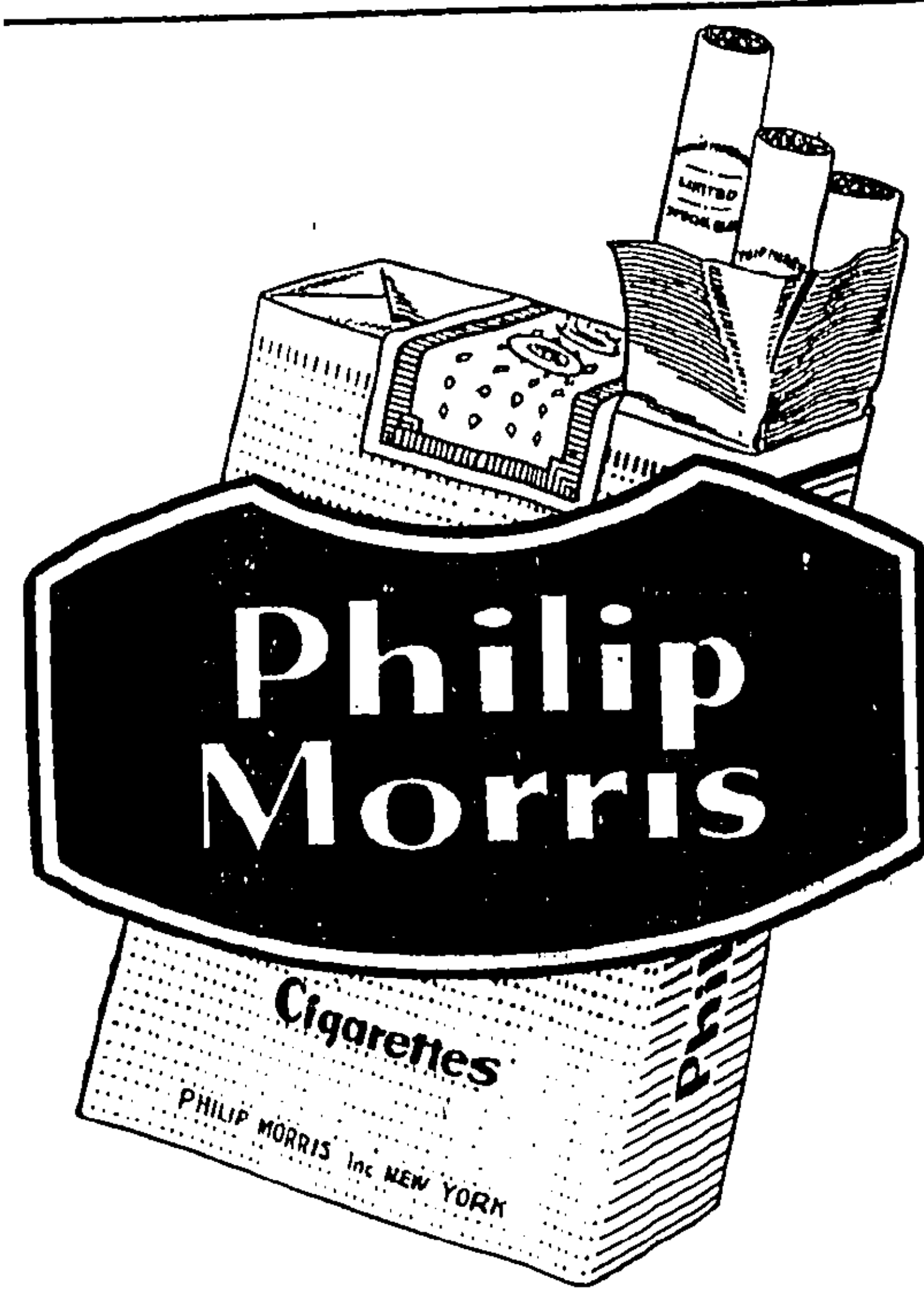
1. William Harrison are the Christian names of a former World Champion boxer. How was he better known?
2. Place these events in the order in which they happened: The first Wimbledon Lawn Tennis Championships, and the first Test match between England and Australia.
3. Who has won the most Test matches, England or Australia?
4. Will White, Douglas Stewart and Harry Lindwall brightened the British sporting scene in 1952. How?
5. Name the odd tennis player out, Tony Trabert, Frank Sedgman, Lew Hoad and Pancho Gonzalez.
6. What sportmen engage in "pursuit" races?
7. Who is the only golfer to win both the amateur and professional championships of Britain and America?
8. With what sports are the following connected: Harry Bradshaw, Peter Collins and Henry Cooper?
9. Juan Fangio is a world champion. At what sport?
10. Two brothers, a Christian names Joe and Fred, have been world champions at the same sport. State the sport and what is the sport?

MARKSMAN NOT WANTED

Johnny Hancock will be sadly missed in First Division football next season. Wolves have bought him. Topper, of West Ham, United, replaced the man with the smallest feet in big time soccer... Hancock has played 343 League matches for the Wanderers since leaving Walsall, scored 167 goals—25 of them penalties. He has equaled the record of Eric Houghton, now Villa manager, of double figure goal aggregates from the wing in ten consecutive seasons.

Memorable Over

Alan Quinterman, opening bat and off break bowler of Abberley (Birmingham) nearly achieved the bowler's ambition of a wicket with each ball of an over against Bayton. He took wickets with his first four deliveries, had an easy chance dropped off his fifth and finished this memorable over with another wicket—five in six balls.



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AS YOU SAY, SIR—
I'VE AD SOME
GOOD SPORT
IN ME TIME.



DID YOU EVER
FISH FOR
WHALES?



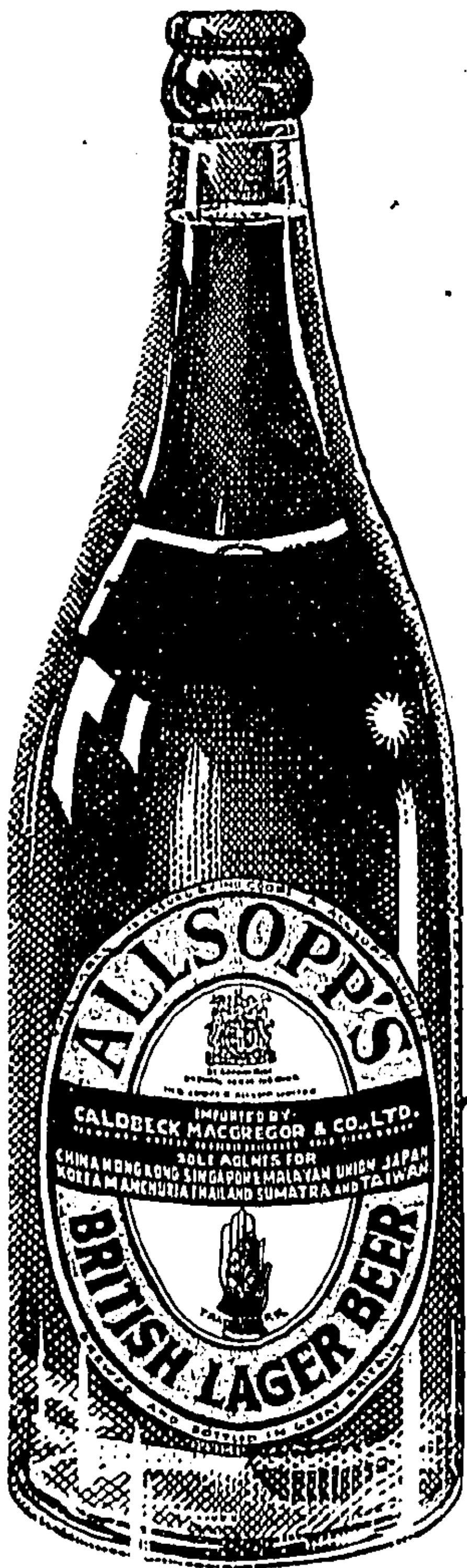
FISH I'LL HAVE
YOU KNOW I
PLAYED
WING-HALF
FOR WALES.



Capped!



BRITISH and Best

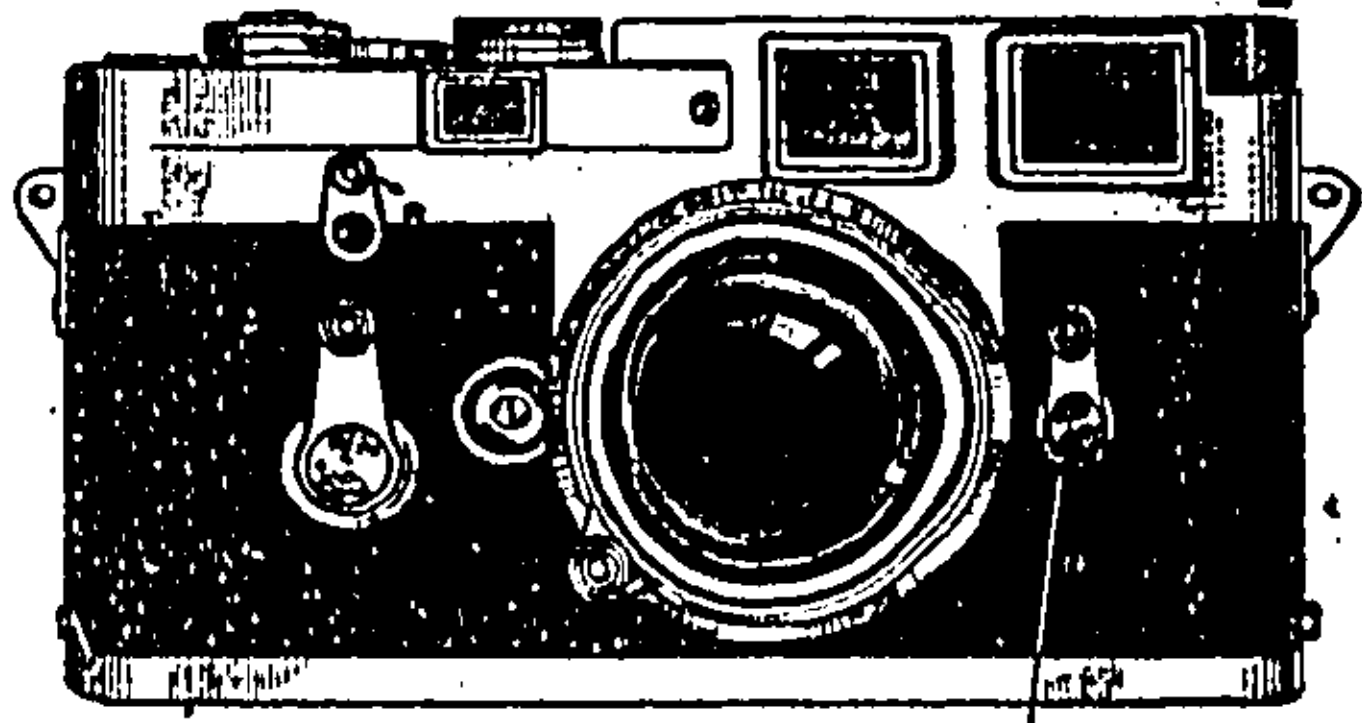


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WATER
IS PRECIOUS
USE IT
WISELY

Stanley Matthews May Be Knighted—When He Hangs Up His Boots

Says ARCHIE QUICK

The Knighthood bestowed upon Len Hutton, England's most successful cricket captain of this generation, has inevitably raised the question, "Why not Stanley Matthews?"

It can be taken for granted that the soccer wizard of Blackpool will be Sir Stanley as sure as Richards is Sir Gordon, Hobbs is Sir Jack and Bradman is Sir Don, but not before he retires from active football. It is felt in official circles that the sight of Matthews sprawling in the mud on a dark wet January afternoon for instance would be somewhat undignified, to say the least, for a knight.

But it will come one day and no one could wear the honour better than this reserved gentlemanly son of a barber-

pugilist, in the grim pottery town of Hanley.

Hutton came from equally obscure stock in the far from picturesque village of Pudsey, the same as his great predecessor as County opener, Herbert Sutcliffe. Both have come a long way since they played for the local St Lawrence Club and both are rich men now. Sutcliffe is the current captain of the Middlesex Golf Club and an able administrator in local and national Government affairs. Hutton has interests in many commercial enterprises but both of them constantly re-visit their old home town and old cricket club.

Famous Sports Stars I Have Met

Leslie McDowall
By ARCHIE QUICK

"They laughed when I came in." That was how Mr Leslie McDowall described his first appearance before the Manchester City fans four years ago. Not because of his personal appearance, but because of his playing record.

As Manager, McDowall admits, he could only command a reserve place in several Third Division sides, and he went to the hot seat at Maine Road from humble Wrexham. City were not doing too well, either. But Mr McDowall, a keen Scot, yet despite his shrewdness always polite, modest, dapper and co-operative, knew where he was going, knew what he wanted.

Revolutionary ideas were working in his mind, and he made a centre-forward in his Reserves, Jack Williamson (now with Blackburn Rovers), his "guinea pig". A scheme was tried out with Williamson ostensibly at centre-forward. But apart from the No. 9 on his back he bore no resemblance to the stereotyped leader. He roved on either wing; he laid deep in his half back line away from the opposing centre-half. The scheme worked; it was put into practice by the First Division team and has since become world wide known as "The Revie Plan".

SAY WHAT YOU LIKE

Say what you like about it, Mr McDowall has taken City to two successive Cup Finals, they have finished fourth in the League table to pick up £220 talent money and "gates" are higher than ever before. At Eastbourne Mr McDowall told me that when Herbert Chapman conceived the "Fulham" or "Stopper" centre-half—the third back—he rocketed Arsenal to the top and nearly ruined Soccer as a spectacle. It is Mr McDowall's mission to put football back on the map as an entertainment and so draw back the deserting hordes of spectators.

Will he still have Don Revie next season to help him towards his goal? Your guess is as good as mine. Revie wants to go because he does not like Reserve team football; Mr McDowall does not want him to move because he is too good a footballer and hard to replace. I would say that Revie will remain at Maine Road after he returns from his coaching trip to Australia.

TOO OSTENTATIOUS

Someone has suggested that Hutton should receive his accolade outside the pavilion of Lords, when Her Majesty the Queen visits the ground for the Second Test Match. That is much too ostentatious to receive approval I feel, but I am informed that he is to be invited to serve on the select Yorkshire County Cricket Club Committee, and that he is to be officially honoured by the County Club, the MCC, the Mayor of Pudsey and last but by no means least, by the St Lawrence Club.

Hutton has done great work not only in England but in Australia, New Zealand, West Indies, South Africa, India and Pakistan but somehow I feel that Matthews is the greater sporting ambassador. His name, and inevitably with it, is linked England, goes round the world. He is a household name of all nations. This has been instilled by the great receptions he has recently received in East Africa.

An innovation by the Army Boxing Association which may well spread through the entire sport, and the professional game as well, is likely to be put into being next season. Under the system all Army boxers will be given a card and before each fight their physical condition will be recorded at the medical examination. After a contest, if a boxer is knocked out, sustains a cut eye, etc., those facts, too, will go down on the card. This will also be produced when they appear in bouts outside the Army.

The system cannot be too highly commended, and when I spoke to an Amateur Boxing

Lancashire League Stars

Lancashire League games read like Test Matches these days. How about Hugh Tayfield, finest offspinner in the world, from South Africa, bowling at Everton, Weekes, outstanding West Indian star. Sounds like an international encounter. In fact, it was Bacup versus East Lancashire. Tayfield won the duel, but Weekes has started the season with 252 runs in three innings for once out end had twice taken six wickets in successive matches.

Association official about it he said, that the national body would also probably adopt the idea. That goes for the Imperial Services Boxing Association as well.

Secretary of the British Board of Control, Mr "Teddy" Waltham, was a bit more cautious when I phoned him, but he did say that there was "certainly nothing against such a scheme" and "perhaps the Board would discuss putting it into operation at a later date." He thought there should be a stipulated period which should expire after a boxer had been knocked out before he should be allowed to fight again.

FIRST CLASS ROW

There is every prospect that a first class row will boil up when the 47 nations comprising the International Football Federation hold their annual meeting at Lisbon later this month. A South African solicitor is going to propose that FIFA does not recognise the South African Football Association which is exclusively "white," but affiliates instead the South African Football Federation which is composed of clubs of Africans, Indians and mixed blood. The proposal will probably find a second for there are many coloured nations in the International Federation, but there is likely to be some lively discussion and whichever way the vote goes there is sure to be controversy.

The Federation has twice the number of members as the Association and were prepared to amalgamate until the Association said they would want nine votes in every ten.

The World Cup series is to be held in Stockholm in 1958. I understand that the Argentine are pressing strongly for the 1962 series to be held in Rio de Janeiro. But there may be a surprise claim from the United States, who, although they do not number among the leading Soccer nations, want, as ever, to put on a show. And they have a victory over England to back them up!

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Jack Dempsey.
2. England/Australia Test, Wimbledon, and Wembley.
3. England 22 to Australia's 20.
4. As Britain's show-jumping team they won Britain's only gold medal in the Olympic Games at Helsinki.
5. Lew Hood, the others are professional.
6. Cyclists.
7. R.T. (Bobby) Jones.
8. Golf, Motor-racing, and Boxing.
9. Motor-racing.
10. Davis-smoother.

A new series, "The Tigers of Sport", starts with the remarkable story of Ben Hogan. The wonder American golfer is typical of those chosen by Harry Andrew to illustrate what makes a tiger of sport... ruthless determination, the killer instinct, the will to win and keep winning.

World boxing, the international football field, Wimbledon, Test cricket and the Olympic arena will all provide material for this exciting series.

BEN HOGAN—THE GREATEST OF GOLFERS AND A VERY GREAT GENTLEMAN

By HARRY ANDREW

The Tigers of Sport are those exceptional men and women who would have become great in any walk of life, people whose genius has made them legends even in their lifetime. And I have no hesitation in naming as King of the Tigers that grey little man from Texas, Ben Hogan.

On performance alone, of course, Hogan has earned undying fame. Four American Open Championships, two World Championships and one British Open (the only time he tried) highlight golf's most astonishing record of achievement.

But it is not the Hogan record but the Hogan personality that makes him for me the greatest man I have ever known in the world of sport.

He above all has the qualities that make the Tiger—ruthless application, intense concentration, grim determination, steel-cold nerves for the crisis and the fixed idea that the only place worth filling is first place.

"Competition is my life," he told me. And added: "Nobody remembers the guy who is second."

Here is a story to illustrate his fantastic devotion to perfection. He arrived a fortnight before the 1953 Open at Carnoustie to give himself a reasonable chance to get to know the course and Scottish weather conditions.

On the first day, he went to the course to practise. But play became impossible because of the crowds who immediately surrounded him. He came back to the hotel and said: "Harry, I can't practise here. What can you suggest?"

PRIVATE COURSE

I told him that the neighbouring private course at Barry would be delighted to offer him full facilities. As, indeed, it did.

So off to Barry we went. Hogan sent his caddy between 100 and 120 yards away, dropped about 70 balls and took out a pitching club.

I gaped as shot after shot pitched just in front of the caddy and bounced gently into his hands. After some 20 such shots one went perhaps two yards astray. The next 20 odd balls pitched monotonously in the same spot. Then one more went a little wide.

Hogan dropped his club, stared sourly at his caddy and said: "And to think I used to be able to play that shot!"

All Hogan's greatest achievements have a background of almost continuous pain.

In February, 1940, he was involved in a car crash. He threw himself in front of his wife, Valerie, and was dug out of the wreckage with a crushed pelvis, fractured left leg, broken ankle and smashed shoulder.

The question was whether he would live. And if he lived, whether he would walk. America's finest specialists completely ruled out even the faintest hope of more golf.

Everybody now knows the story of how he did the impossible. It was told to me in the film of his life, "Follow the Sun".

At Carnoustie, constant hot baths were a necessity to keep his circulation going. Every round was torment. In our

damp weather, he caught "flu." And to crown all, he injured his back so that every swing hurt him.

I knew of these things before he started his bid for the Claret Championship. But I was forbidden to make even a mention of them. "Harry," he told me, "if I don't win, nobody must ever know about this. I HATE ALIBIS."

But don't think that being with Hogan is a grim business. There is no more delightful companion in the world when he is relaxing. He has an endless fund of stories about the top golfers of the world.

One I recall is about a famous American Ryder Cup player. Ben and his wife were playing one day in a tournament and Hogan had a far from happy time. "The course," said Ben, "had a beautiful clubhouse. Banked under its windows were masses of lovely roses. As we came off the last green, my partner stopped and looked long at the roses."

A NEW ANGLE

"I thought I was getting a new angle on him. I hadn't realised he was a lover of beauty."

"Then he took his left hand and drew it through the bushes. It came out scratched and bleeding. He looked at it, and said: 'That'll teach you to hang on too tight.'"

That night, the same with his right hand, looked at it, and added: "And you, too."

That fortnight prior to the Open of '53 was an eye opener for me, on how thorough preparation can be. Not once in these practice rounds did Hogan bother to play Carnoustie in the straightforward way.

Instead, day after day, he hit his shots all over the course. Many a spectator must have wondered where he'd got his reputation—not realising that Ben's only objective was to look at all parts of the course, every conceivable line to the hole.

I remember one day when every approach shot of Hogan's finished many yards from the flag. A professional golfer I knew walked round with me to see if he could pick up any tips. He told me afterwards (1) that he thought Hogan had a bad swing; and (2) that if he couldn't get any nearer the pin with his second, he wouldn't stand on earthily.

I didn't tell him that Hogan was deliberately playing to the difficult parts of the greens in the expectation that the holes might very well be there when the Championship started.

I have spoken to many golfers who have partnered Hogan. Every one of them has said the same thing: that he is the ideal.

Courteous, never hogging the limelight even when playing with an unknown, unfailing in his desire to see that his partner gets the fullest and fairest chance.

WILL TO WIN

Yet he is completely ruthless in his will to win. And I think that he—like all the real "tigers" I have known—is perfectly willing to use a little legitimate guile. And why not? My definition of guile is using some little trick which will give you a moral advantage over the other chap. Hogan's reputation alone was enough to do that and he was shrewd enough to realise it.

Sam Snead has said he fears only three things in golf—lightning, a downhill putt, and Ben Hogan.

Ben is a man of outstanding intelligence. I'm quite sure that he worked for years to get that poker face, that calm demeanour in the full knowledge that it would do the other fellow's morale no good at all.

Imagine how shattering it is to see your opponent hit a really bad shot—and even Hogan can play them—only to see him walk on as calmly as if he'd made a perfect stroke!

I have often thought that Hogan is not so much a lover of golf as he is of its challenge, its technique. For instance, in those three weeks we were together at Carnoustie I pressed him to take a day off to visit St Andrews. He simply wasn't interested.

And what do you make of a man who much prefers to hit two or three hundred shots on the practice ground rather than play a round?

After all those years—especially since his accident—I believe it is true that Hogan is completely undisturbed by the bad shot or the bad break that might wreck a lesser mortal. To illustrate, let me tell you one final story.

WELL-EARNED REST

I was sitting with him and Mrs Hogan in his car an hour after he had won the Open. He was about to head back to Dundee for a well-earned rest. He looked ill and weary. He asked me what I thought he should write about in his last article for the Sunday Express.

He had played one very bad shot at a crucial stage in the fourth round. I suggested that he should say how he felt when he hit it. He protested: "But I didn't feel anything in particular."

I said I found that hard to believe.

"Look, Harry," he said. "I know I'm going to hit some bad shots before I start. I'm not surprised when they come along. BESIDES, ONCE I WAS HANDED MY LIFE BACK SHOULD I WORRY NOW BECAUSE I MISS A GOLF SHOT?"

There, I think, is the place to leave Ben Hogan. The greatest of golfers and a very great gentleman.

(London Express Service).
(COPYRIGHT)

Changing Fashion

For the first time ever, the England International Soccer party has gone on tour to Sweden, Finland and Germany with three Second Division players in their midst—Johnny Haynes (Birmingham), Ronnie Clayton (Blackburn Rovers) and John Atwood (Bristol City). More than that, the FA have also picked Reg Matthews (Coventry City), of the Third Division.

SELECTORS' ERROR

The FA Youth Selection Committee had no doubts in choosing Alton Dawson, of Manchester United "A", eleven, for the Youth International against Ireland and Denmark. Had he not made the same error, Hull Schoolboys' better player, Man-shaw-A, But they were wrong. Dawson's name was deleted. He was born in 1935.

THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

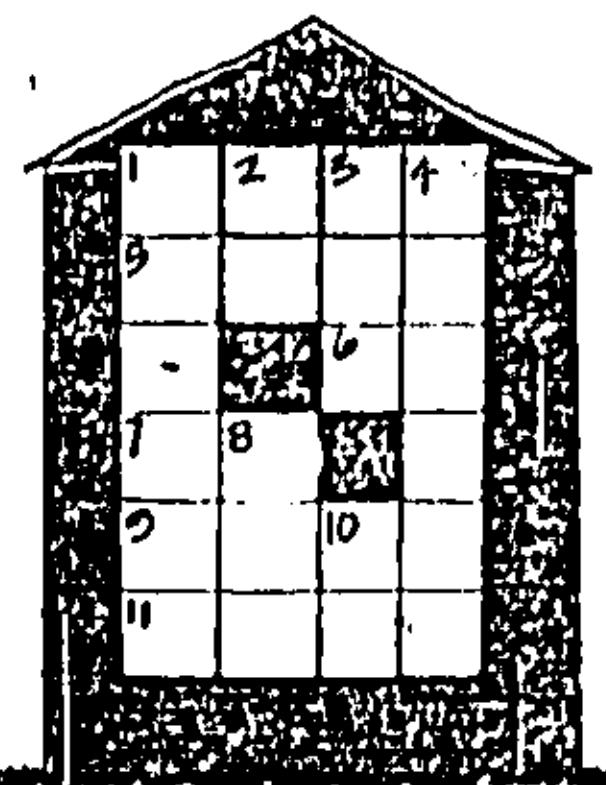
YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

All Honour To The Rose—Queen Among Blossoms

ANDREW, THE LAZY PIXIE, LANDED IN A DUST BIN

CROSSWORD

Cartoonist Cal has placed to-day's crossword puzzle on the silhouette of a farm building, which is the first answer:



- ACROSS**
- 1 Farm building
 - 2 Egyptian goddess
 - 3 Displaced person (ab.)
 - 4 East side (ab.)
 - 5 Number before ten
 - 6 Three, in cards
- DOWN**
- 1 Very quiet
 - 2 Exist
 - 3 Cover
 - 4 Bird of prey
 - 5 Knight's title
 - 6 Northeast (ab.)

SCRAMBLEGRAMS

Scramble the letters in a five-letter word for "measures of land" and have "frighten"; scramble these and have "speed contest"; again and have "worries." If you want to try some harder words with the same letters, scramble them for "a pinnacle of ice"; and once more for the plural of a "genus of maples."

TRIANGLE

The Puzzlemaster has based his triangle on STORES. The second word is "near"; third is "bustle"; fourth "love"; and fifth "to idly." Can you complete the triangle from the clues?

STORES

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a word and then rearrange the rows so they will read the same down as across. The four words will be "a toy"; "a type of moulding"; "for fear that"; and "permit."

E	E	O	G
E	L	S	T
E	L	S	T
O	D	L	L

WHICH IS COLDEST?

Decide which is coldest in each of these lines.
ICE or WATER
FIRE or ASHES
SUN or MOON
WINTER or SUMMER

(Solutions on Page 20)

A ROYAL QUEEN in a crown because she has inherited the right to rule her kingdom.

There are many minor queens crowned today, in a spirit of competition, for one's popularity and beauty. It is a position much desired, and envied by many. There is one beauty that has been wearing a queenly crown since long before the Christian era. The rose has reigned in the flower kingdom through years of wars and festivities.

In the days of Cleopatra

At formal weddings, brides walk up the aisle on rose petals, thrown before them by their little flower girls, to give honour on this special day of their lives.

The early Orientals, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans all regarded the rose as the queen of flowers. On festive days they would adorn themselves by wearing roses in their hair, or in garlands about their necks.

There was once a noted woman who, in 51 B.C., became Queen Cleopatra of Egypt. When she visited Mark Anthony, the Roman Emperor, he honoured her

by giving a festival which lasted several days.

On the last day was the grand banquet. The floors of rooms and halls of the palace were covered with roses 18 inches deep. And these were covered with net, so the guests could walk upon the roses in their soft sandals.

An emblem

Roses are again mentioned in ancient history in the time of Nero, that wicked Roman Emperor. During his reign, which started in 54 A.D., he gave many grand affairs. At one special celebration, he spent a fortune on roses.

England holds the rose in great respect. Her coat-of-arms and some coins bear the emblem of the rose. Do you know how that came about? It was because of "The War of the Roses," (1455-1485).

At that time, there were two men who claimed the right to the English throne. They were Richard, Duke of York, and Henry VI, of Lancaster, who was already occupying the throne. War broke out to settle the dispute.

King Henry chose the red rose as his army's emblem. Richard chose the white rose.

After years of fighting, the House of Lancaster became victorious. Later, when peace reigned between the two families, the rose was chosen as their emblem.

To honour a king

Have you ever heard anyone say, "Remember, this is sub-rosa?" That means it is spoken in confidence, or in secret.

This expression, meaning, "under the rose," originated in ancient days. If a meeting were being held which was for the select few and confidential, there would be suspended above the table, at each end, a fresh

rose. Then all knew it was "sub-rosa."

The rose has been honoured in French history also. To honour King Louis XVIII, the finest specimen of rose was called "the King's rose." Later, it became "the Emperor's rose," after Napoleon. When France became a republic, this same rose was named "the rose of the Republic."

For perfume

The United States uses the rose as an emblem. Each of the 48 states selects a state flower. The American Beauty is the flower of Washington, D.C. The wild rose is the state flower of Iowa, North Dakota, New York, and Georgia chose the Cherokee rose.

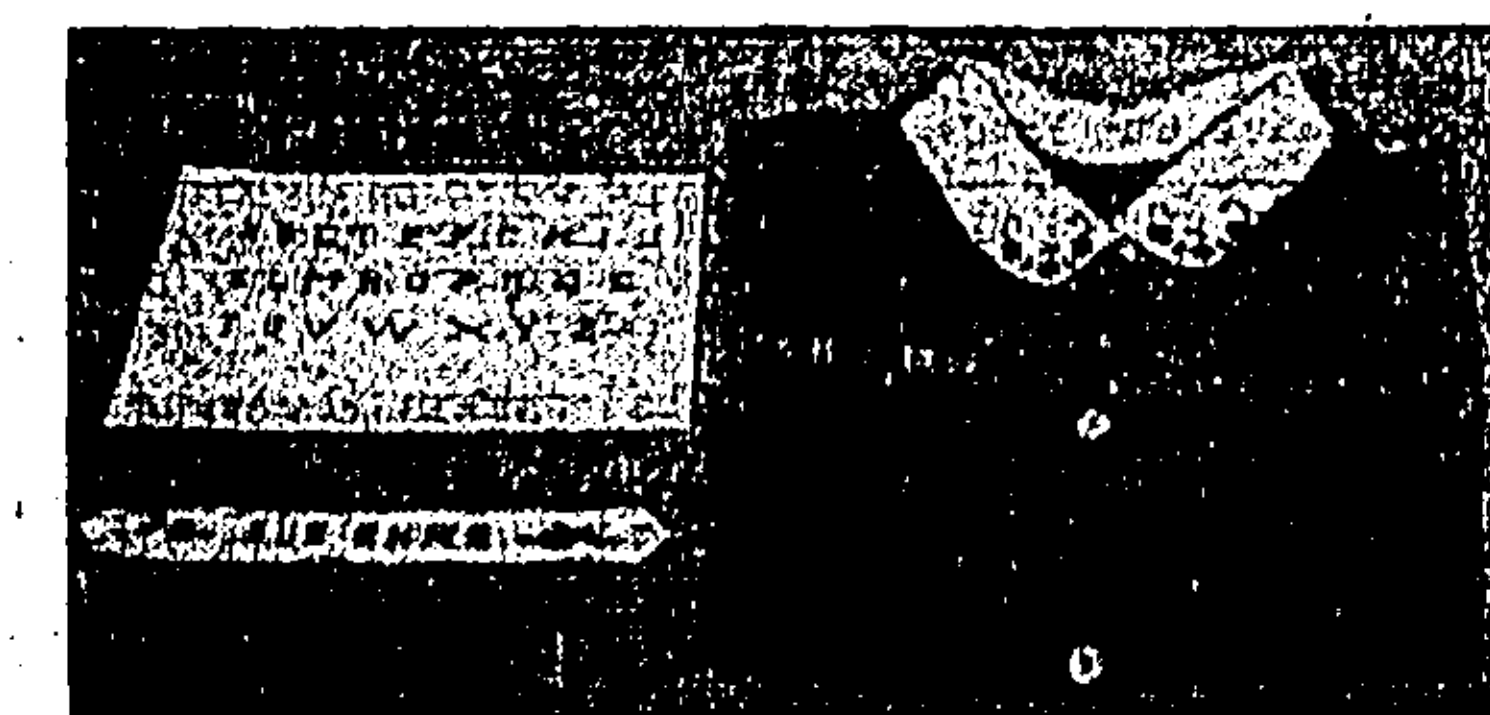
When we use perfume, I wonder if we ever think how many roses it takes to make a few drops. There are acres of roses cultivated that we may enjoy this fragrant scent. It takes 150 pounds of roses to make just one ounce of oil. Through the ages, the rose has held an important place in the lives of people. Truly it is the undisputed ruler of the Flower Kingdom.

NEEDLEWORK DONE WITH THE HELP OF A TYPEWRITER

PUT your name on blouses and other garments with cross-stitch from the typewriter. First practise making lettering like this pictured alphabet. V's, W's, and X's can be sprawled out. Use the small "x" for your letters.

Practise first with an easy letter like "C." Make 3 x's in a row, then single-space down and make another row beneath the first one. You now have to fill in 2 gaps with the pencil and there is your letter C.

On the slanting lines, you have to fill in halfway between the x's. In making a "V," make the bottom x, then single-space up a line and make two x's straddling this one. Then single-space up again and make x's on the outsides of these two, with 3 spaces between, then



fill in the missing x's halfway between the up and down lines.

After you get the letters of your name perfect, turn carbon paper tracing-side-down on your blouse, lay your pattern, right-side-up where you want it and trace carefully over each "x". Make sure you are working on a hard surface with nothing under your cloth.

The embroiderer with about 3 strands of matching floss.

The name band at the left in the photo was worked for a young girl. The flowers at each end were also made on the typewriter and were done in pink, the name in light blue. Stems and leaves were done in green. When Sue Anne outgrew it, the band was used on a little pinafore.

This needlework is cute for baby tags too. There are many ways a teenager can use this idea. You can work off the pattern of your name in wool and metallic yarns on short tugs, uniforms and even in marking underthings distinctively.

Rupert and the Winter Woolly—25



Worthless Birds Still Have A Right To Live

UNCLE SAM is pulling his whiskers and all but tearing out his hair over a queer problem: what to do with the gooney birds on Midway Island.

Midway is a tiny island far out in the Pacific. It is just a tiny speck so far as land mass goes. About the only people staying on it are a few sailors or soldiers in the armed forces. It is used as a place for refuelling planes that fly across the Pacific.

But it has an estimated gooney bird population of more than 200,000.

Now the gooney bird is a large bird. It is not uncommon for his wings to measure seven feet from tip to tip. He cannot fly very well, but he can manage to get into the air and go cruising along slowly like an albatross.

Indeed, he is a cousin of the albatross and, like that bird, he likes to follow ships and be around people.

There is one difference, however. The specialty of the gooney bird is an affection for planes. He is not afraid of them. In fact, he flies right into them without hesitation.

In 1934 there were ten plane accidents caused by gooney birds on Midway Island.

So the U.S. Defence Department has asked the Fish and Wildlife Service to get rid of the danger. They do not want to kill all the birds. After all, they have a right to live.

They are considering taking their eggs so the flock won't get larger, or to make them move their nests to another island.

The experts plan to shoot paint at them with spray guns. This, it is hoped, will not only cause the birds to move their homes, but will help to track them if they move.

So far as actual value is concerned, the gooney bird appears to be worthless. He is not pretty, and he is not useful for anything. But he was said before, he has a right to live—hence all the trouble that is being taken regarding them.

Key To The Lighthouse Legend Lies In One Word

AN exciting event for Finland is commemorated today by a new stamp in the traditional colours of blue and white. It shows a two-storey lighthouse and a glance reveals that the light pouring from the lantern is intended to represent Finland's hope that all will now be well between her and that powerful neighbour, Russia.

Key to the legend of the lighthouse is the word "Forthright" at the top of the stamp. This was the holy alliance of Finnish territory which the Russians occupied after World War II.

Finnish farmers and townsfolk alike were expelled from their homes and lands running across the occupied zone had their windows shuttered by frontier guards.

But that is all over now. The Russians decided recently to be better neighbours and withdrew to their own territory.

course they used the withdrawal as a propaganda weapon against the West. "Look, we have NO foreign bases now."

So, it is amazing the twists and turns of modern politics which find their way into East and West alike in postage stamp form.

The lighthouse stamp is perforated 11 and recess-printed. It sells at 10d in London.

J. A. A.

all in the missing x's halfway between the up and down lines.

After you get the letters of your name perfect, turn carbon paper tracing-side-down on your blouse, lay your pattern, right-side-up where you want it and trace carefully over each "x". Make sure you are working on a hard surface with nothing under your cloth.

The embroiderer with about 3 strands of matching floss.

The name band at the left in the photo was worked for a young girl. The flowers at each end were also made on the typewriter and were done in pink, the name in light blue. Stems and leaves were done in green. When Sue Anne outgrew it, the band was used on a little pinafore.

This needlework is cute for baby tags too. There are many ways a teenager can use this idea. You can work off the pattern of your name in wool and metallic yarns on short tugs, uniforms and even in marking underthings distinctively.

ANDREW PIFFLE. A SNIFF the Second was the laziest pixie in three counties. He was so lazy he wouldn't tie his own shoes laces or even work for his own food.

So one day his mother said, "I'm not going to let the rest of the family work themselves to death for you. You can just go out and make your own living."

Andrew left and had walked a mile or so when he came to a pretty house with red geraniums in all the windows.

"Now, that looks nice and homey," he said. "I think I'll move right in."

He hid behind the clock until everyone had gone to bed. Then he started to look for something to eat. He couldn't find a thing because Mrs. Miffin had shut all the food away in the refrigerator.

"This is a pretty how-do-you-do," he grumbled. "I'll have to see what the canary has for supper."

He jumped up into the cage and found Mario, the canary, eating some bird seed and an apple. "Hi, not bad," said Andrew. "At least it will do until I get something better."

"I don't recall inviting you to share my supper," said Mario. "Nor do I," agreed Andrew. "But a fellow has to eat something, you know."

He ate most of the canary's supper, then went back to the clock to spend the night.

This went on for a week until Mario grew so thin that his mistress cried, "My poor birdie! Whatever is the matter? You must have lost your appetite."



Mario wished that he could tell her his appetite was stronger than ever, that all he needed was to get rid of Andrew.

Now all the time Mario was getting thinner and thinner. Andrew was growing fatter and fatter. One night when he tried to leave the cage he found he was so fat that he couldn't get through the wires.

"Suffering catfish!" he exclaimed. "Now what will I do? Mrs. Miffin will have a fit if she finds me here."

"She certainly will," agreed Mario.

Then he said, "There's one way you might get out. If you roll up in that lettuce leaf she'll throw you out into the dust bin when she cleans the cage tomorrow."

"It's worth a try," agreed Andrew. So he rolled up in the lettuce leaf and the next day Mrs. Miffin threw him out. As for the canary, he hoped that he would never see a pixie again. Especially a pixie named Andrew.

— MABEL HARMER

The Queen's Dilemma

—With So Much To Do, She Couldn't Get Anything Done—

By MAX TRELL

WHEN the secret telephone behind the bookcase rang, Mr. Punch got there first and answered it. Knart and Hand, the shadow-children with the turned-about tin snappers, and General Tin, the tin soldier, and Teddy the Stuffed Bear, and Mary Jane, the rag-doll, all watched him.

Mr. Punch said to somebody on the other end of the phone: "Oh dear... oh dear... yes, we'll come as soon as we can. Good-by, my dear."

And then he hung up.

The Royal Palace

Mr. Punch turned to his friends Knart and Hand and General Tin and Teddy and Mary Jane and said: "It was Her Majesty Queen Pell Mell. She begs us all to come at once to the royal palace."

"Why?" asked Knart. "Is something wrong?"

"Probably," said Mr. Punch. "There's always something wrong with Queen Pell Mell."

So Knart and Hand and General Tin and Teddy and Mary Jane all climbed on the back of Whoo, the Hobby Horse. Then Mr. Punch climbed on front and away they galloped, straight through the playroom wall (which turned into mist as they went through it).

At Full Speed

A few minutes later, they found themselves rushing at full speed down the long royal road between rows of giant pipitrees and telephone poles striped like barber poles, until at last they went through the golden gates of the royal palace of Mell.

They found the whole palace in great excitement.

Queen Pell Mell, who was short and fat and had a red face like a carrot, was trying to do ten or eleven things at once. She was trying to tie her shoe laces, iron a blouse, fix her nails, comb her hair, read the newspaper, dance a jig, eat a hard-boiled egg, write a letter, take a cake and scratch the cat's head—all at once!

The result was she got all tangled up and couldn't do the one single important thing that she had wanted to do all day long!

With Great Joy

She greeted her friends with great joy. Then she stopped tying her shoe laces, ironing her blouse, fixing her nails, combing her hair, reading the newspaper, dancing a jig, eating a hard-boiled egg, writing a letter, taking a cake, and scratching the cat's head.



With his friends on his back, Whoo galloped to the palace.

said: "Will you please, please help me?"

"Of course we will, Queen Pell Mell," said Mr. Punch. "That's why we're here. What do you want us to do?"

"Do you see that royal garden out there?" said the Queen, and she pointed across the lawn to where the garden was all ready for planting. The gardeners were waiting with their tools. The seeds were in neat packages, the bulbs were in neat baskets.

"But I can't get the garden planted until I get everything in my laces, ironing my blouse, fixing my nails, combing my hair, reading the newspaper, dancing a jig, eating a hard-boiled egg, writing a letter, taking a cake and scratching the cat's head."

Well, it was all quite easy.

All Pitched In

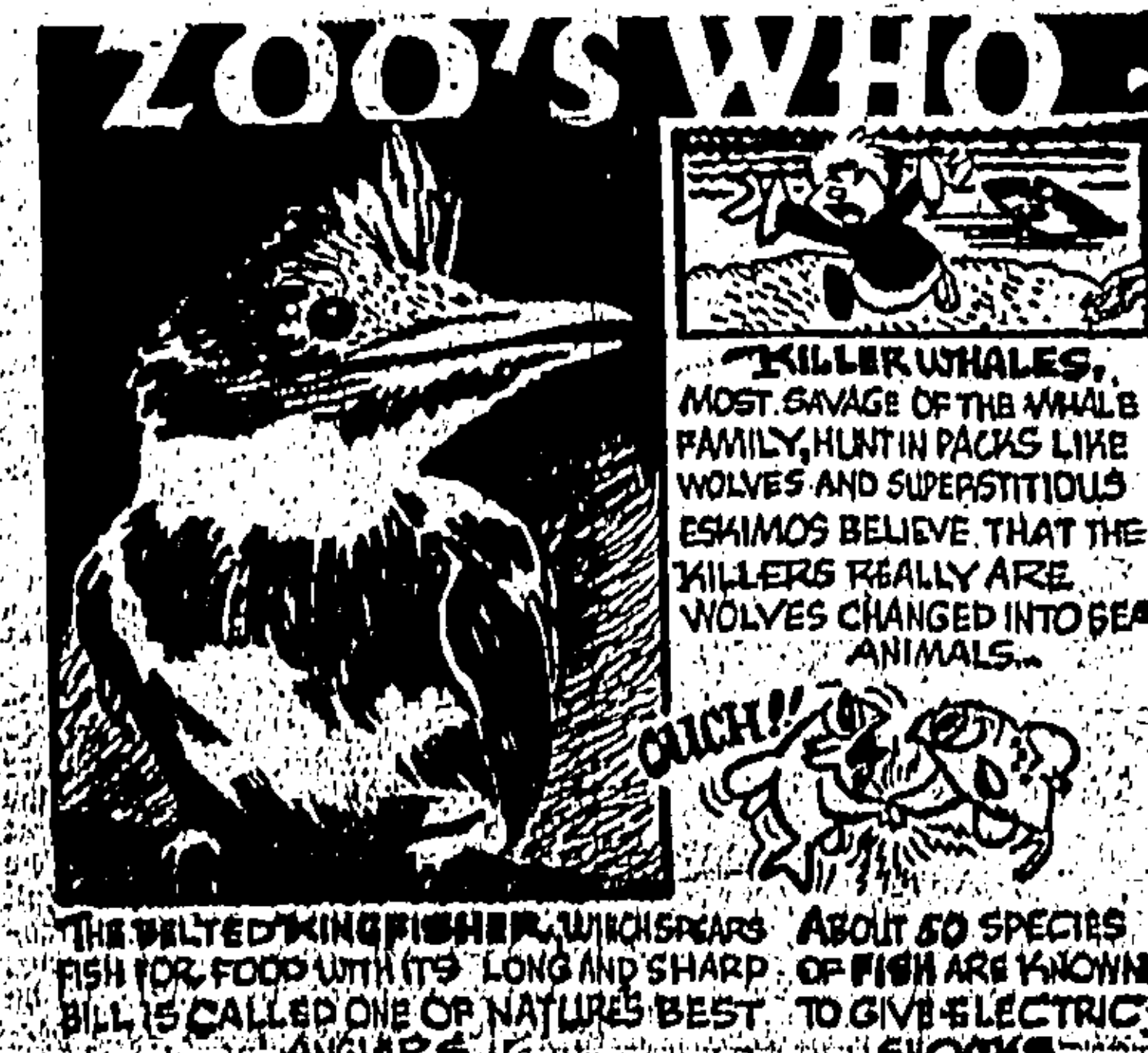
Knart and Hand and Mr. Punch and General Tin and Teddy, the Stuffed Bear, and Mary Jane, the rag-doll, and Whoo, the Hobby Horse, all pitched in.

They tied the Queen's shoe laces, ironed her blouse, fixed her nails, combed her hair, read her newspaper, danced a jig, made her eat a hard-boiled egg, wrote the letter for her, baked the cake and scratched her cat's head—and then: "Oh, thank you so much!" cried Queen Pell Mell, smiling at last. "Now I am ready to plant my garden!"

And away she ran, or rather bounced, all the way across the lawn to where the gardeners were waiting with the packages of seeds and the baskets of bulbs.

"Thank you all, I've kept calling back as Knart and Hand and Mr. Punch and General Tin and Teddy and Mary Jane all rode off on Whoo's back."

"Thank you so much!"



THE SALTED KINGFISHER, WHICH EATS ABOUT 50 SPECIES OF FISH FOR FOOD, IS CALLED ONE OF NATURE'S BEST FANGERS.

ABOUT 50 SPECIES OF FISH ARE KNOWN TO GIVE ELECTRIC SHOCKS.

